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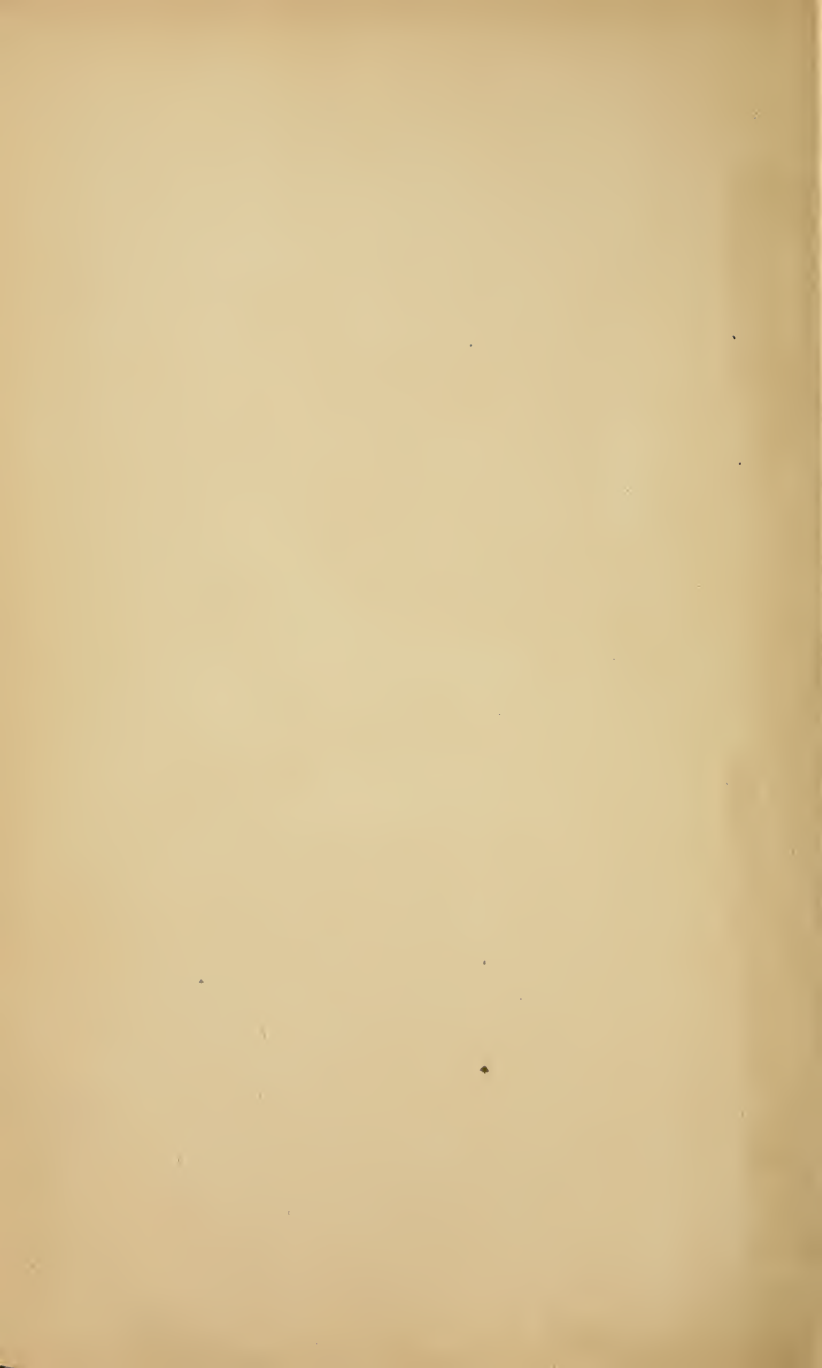
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.





Cactus;

OR,

Thorns and Blossoms;

POEMS.

CACTUS;
OR,
THORNS AND BLOSSOMS:
A COLLECTION
OF
SATIRICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS,
EMBRACING
RELIGIOUS, TEMPERANCE, AND MEMORIAL POEMS,

BY

33
MRS. ELIZABETH O. DANNELLY.

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DEDICATION.

TO THE NOBLE WOMEN

OF

BALTIMORE,

WHO HAVE ENDEARED THEMSELVES TO THEIR SOUTHERN SISTERS BY
THEIR GENEROUS DEEDS OF LOVE AND MERCY,

THIS VOLUME IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

BY THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

BELIEVING that a discerning, and honest Public will discover, and justly award to it, whatever of merit it may possess, I have ventured to give this Volume to the world. Without deeming it necessary to state the reasons which have led to its publication, I would simply say that it goes out not as the finished and elaborated work of a literary recluse; the poems which it contains are like the flying sparks from the anvil of the blacksmith, which brighten his gloomy surroundings whilst he wields, amid the din and dust, his hammer, in unceasing toil. In the midst of household cares, surrounded by six romping boys, have I often snatched up my pen to note a golden nugget of thought wedged, as it were, by some passing Muse into a brain already crowded. Into a noisy, bustling, world it goes from the busy active scenes of home life, as a timid pilot upon the fitful waves of a literary sea, to be followed, if not engulfed in the vortex of criticism, by something of more studied finish when time has borne my noisy boys into the quiet dignity of manhood, and converted my home into a retreat of silence. When it no longer becomes necessary to dismount my Pegasian steed to bridle a hobby-horse for an incorrigible three years old equestrian, or to descend from a visionary, star-bound flight to arbitrate a complicated dispute over a ball, or top, it may be in my power to make amends, and conciliate those who may feel that they have been imposed upon by a "so called" poem.

It is, perhaps, only by my Southern friends, so well acquainted with the life of a Southern women before and since the War, and the marvellous changes of that life, that I can expect allowances to be made for defects which, under more favorable circumstances, might have been avoided:

Having, in 1866, consented to write for a weekly paper, a series of satirical poems, I selected for my *nom de plume* "Cactus", the name of a plant bearing thorns, flowers, and fruit, as a signature suggestive of much liberty, under which might appear the variegated flowers of poesy, the mature fruits of sober thought, or the formidable thorns of satire. The same considerations have led to its selection as the title of my Poem; and whether it shall live and bloom, or, after a brief existence, wither and decay under the chilling blasts of unfriendly criticism, time alone can prove.

Most of the poems contained in this volume have appeared in the various periodicals and magazines of the day, and hence have already stood the test of editorial criticism. Those containing political allusions will readily suggest the time, and circumstances under which they were written. They are republished more for their HISTORICAL, than poetic worth, and with no intention, or desire of arousing buried animosity, now that time is so kindly healing the wounds inflicted by the late civil war. But the past has its history, a compound of stern, and unpalatable facts, TO BE RECEIVED AS A WHOLE, and not as a whimsical child, selecting, and picking out the raisins, would partake of a plum-pudding. Suffice it to say, it is with the best of motives that my first Volume is now offered to the public.

ELIZABETH O. DANNELLY.

Baltimore, Md.

INTRODUCTION.

THE amiable and gifted authoress of this volume of poems has been long known to the writer. She is a native Georgian, born in the town of Monticello, June 13th, 1838, graduated in the Female College in Madison, Ga., July 26th, 1855, and was married in the same place, September 4th, 1862, her husband being, at that time, a surgeon in the Confederate army. In early girlhood, her poetic taste was manifested; and the composition which, under the authorities of the institution, she was required to prepare, as her last public exercise, to be read at commencement, and before diplomas were conferred, was illustrative of her talent for poetry and satire. It was a brief, sarcastic Poem upon the question supposed to be prominent with many young men in quest of a fair partner for life, viz.: "Has she any tin?" A distinguished gentleman who was present at the occasion when it was delivered, afterwards wrote in relation to it:—"I doubt whether another head in the vast assemblage could have perpetrated the like." This, with some others of her poems, have, I think, been favorably noticed in "Hart's American Literature" and in "The Living Writers of the South," by Davidson.

The foregoing article, although an early production, is included in this collection.

Since that period, she has continued to indulge her governing proclivity, and has often invoked the aid of the myrtle-crowned Erato.

For the last many years she has resided in the city of Baltimore, Md., and made frequent contributions to magazines and other periodicals, and has now embodied her various articles, written for the press, in the present chaste and beautiful volume.

She is highly meritorious and deserving in all the relations of life. In her modest and retiring manners, her intelligence, refinement and piety, the public have a sufficient guarantee that they will not find one indelicate nor impure line or sentiment, to sully, in the slightest degree, any effusion from her pen.

The writer, therefore, feels warranted to commend Mrs. Dannelly's (whose maiden name was Marshall) virgin volume to the attention of an appreciating public, with the hope that it may receive a liberal patronage.

A. MEANS.

EMORY COLLEGE, Oxford, Ga.,
June 10th, 1879.

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“All are architects of fate,
Working in these walls of time,
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.”

LONGFELLOW.

SATIRICAL POEMS;
OR,
PICTURES OF VICE
WITHOUT
COLORING.

“Yet soft his nature though severe his lay ;
His anger moral, and his wisdom gay :
Blest satirist ! who touch'd the mean so true
As show'd vice had his hate and pity too.”

POPE.

“Poets alone found the delightful way
Mysterious morals gently to convey
In charming numbers ; so that as men grew
Pleased with their poems, they grew wiser too.
Satire has always shone among the rest,
And is the boldest way, if not the best,
To tell men freely of their foulest faults,
To laugh at their vain deeds and vainer thoughts.”

DRYDEN.

HAS SHE ANY TIN?*

A Graduating poem read on Commencement day, at the Madison Female College, July 26th, 1855, in Madison, Ga. The time and circumstances under which the following poem was written are plainly indicated by the allusions therein contained; and the words and phrases, peculiar to the South, are readily recognized by those familiar with Southern customs and society. As it was written at the age of sixteen and a half years, the facts concerning the ways of the world were of course obtained from mere "hear say"; though subsequent experience has proved their truthfulness.

A WAY with accomplishments, charms, all away!
Tell me not of proud beauty's resistless array;
It's nonsense, all witchcraft, a bundle of trash,
Things heeded alone by the foolish and rash.
Give me the rich lady, with purses of charms,
Who wins by her "dorkies," plantations, and farms;
Not beauty, or graces, naught's wanted but dimes,
They alone can console in these hard, hard times.
Your slender-built beauties, your delicate flowers
The sunshine can stand, not adversity's showers;
Like the glittering-ray fish, they're beautiful things,
But you'd better not touch, and beware of their stings.
Then accomplishments, extras—what won't come up next?
I scarcely can think of the things, but I'm vexed;
French, Music and Latin—the whole endless list—
Could all be dispensed with, and yet never missed.
Your opera music, your fashionable singing,
A sheep can surpass, when his neck-bell is ringing;

Your daubing with paint, and your working with floss,
This knitting and braiding, this patchwork of moss,
All heaped in a pile, make a beautiful mess
For a young lady's fortune, I truly confess.
But there's one humbug more, not the least of the train—
That vapor which springs from the novelist's brain—
The bubble called Love which its origin claims
Alone in the fancy of novel-spoilt dames.
I presume, it is true as we've all heard it said,
It inhabits not seldom the college-boy's head,
Imparting a softness, and manners that win,
Unequalled by naught but the softness within.
Ah! pitiful creatures, how can they esteem
So highly the visions of which they but dream?
But let them alone, they are sure to repent
Ere in life's busy battle they've many years spent.
When Poverty enters the threshold, she makes it
A point to give Love through the window his exit,
And your lovely young wife, though the town all extol
her,
Can't compare with the charms of the almighty dollar.
For this is a love which is ever enjoyed—
Not a dream, something real, and *can't be destroyed*.
For the longer you worship the silver you hold,
The stronger you'll cling to your treasures and gold.

As to ladies' accomplishments—tell me, I pray,
Are these not the thoughts of this audience to-day?
Perhaps not of all, but of many, I guess,
Who, if questioned, would quickly (*or slowly*) confess
They have always committed that commonest sin
Of serving their favorite divinity, Tin.

Now, do not repel the assault with a blush,
And declare you have never regarded the "plush;"
It sticks out too plainly, when anxious to hear,
You inquire so intently, her income a year;
Or, with head half inclined, the sweet sound to draw in—
"Just between you and me, has she got any tin?"
And then can't your motives be plainly discerned,
When about some old Colonel you're mightily concerned,
Inquiring of weather, the prospect of rains,
How comes on the cotton, the corn-crop and grains;
But finding she's rich, don't know enough yet,
To be certain, must ask if her "daddy's" in debt.
If every thing suits, and the investment is *sure*,
Then a quick introduction you'll plan to procure.
But just let the answer be this: "She is poor,"
Then your curious questions are whispered no more,
And turning away, like a sorrowful churl —
"She looks like she might be a very nice girl."
Miss "So-and-so's" face is as rough as a fence;
She is destitute quite of all solid good sense;
Her eyes are nigh fit to jump out of the head,
Which last is well warmed with a covering of red;
Her nose forms a mountain prodigiously high,
Protruding the upper lip, scaring the eye;
While chin, quite afraid of the horrible mouth
Takes a pointed direction away to the south.
In short, you may say she's as "ugly as sin";
But that's a mere straw, for she's plenty of tin.
Though the dark cloud of ugliness over her hovers,
She's greeted by flocks of admirers and lovers.
After all your objections — her big Roman nose,
Her woodpecker head and her parrot-like toes —

She is not to be scorned nor be deemed an enormity,
Her money will cloak every trifling deformity.

There's Ma'moiselle Louise, the rich city belle,
Can talk as she pleases, can whoop and can yell;
To Webster new words she can anytime add,
In Murray make changes exceedingly bad,
And Chesterfield's rules so completely misplace,
That but for her wealth it would prove her disgrace.
But just let Miss Polly, Miss Dilsey, Miss Dolly,
Who dress in their homespun, and think it no folly;
Who scour, wash and iron, can spin and can knit,
Some trivial venial error commit —

Then, horrid! O horrid! ridiculous balk!
The people will snigger, they'll laugh and they'll talk—
“How awkward, ill-manner'd, and so impolite,
But that class of people can never do right.”
You surely forget, while condemning their follies,
Your “mammy”, when younger, was one of the Pollies.
Yes, now at the shuttle you'll turn up your nose,
Forgetting when “mammy” wove all of your clothes,
That you used to card out the cotton for thread;
While “mammy” was baking the hoe-cake of bread.
You sleep late, but once when your “daddy” would sow
His barley, he'd rise ere the chickens could crow;
With harrow and hoe to the fields he'd away,
To work like a “Turk” till the close of the day.
Very strange that you now can't remember such things,
But act as descended from nobles and kings;
Eat breakfast at ten, and take dinner at five,
This dining so early you could'nt survive.
Your pastry, desserts, your French dishes and wines,

May have made you forget the old muscadine vines,
And the briers you've trudged through with thorns in
your feet,
That Sunday might find you with pie for a treat;
And how for a ride you would pitch and would fight,
When "daddy" came home with the ox-cart at night.
Now, pray don't forget, when Miss Polly, you scorn,
The double log-cabin in which you were born;
But keep it in mind, and imagine no more,
If you *are* wealthy now, that you never were poor.

Wealth gives to the meanest, most ignorant man
Free license to do all the mischief he can.
What freedom your rich man, your General uses.
The good taste of others how oft he abuses;
Can eat with his fingers, can lick out his platter—
It's nothing, of course, but a very small matter.
If, by way of mistake, he knocks over his cup,
Or, intent on his soup, takes a very loud sup,
Frightens waiter to death, with a terrible bleat,
Shoves off on the cloth the loose scraps from his plate;
You are sure to apologize kindly, and smile—
“How eccentric his ways!”—but your anger and bile
Would burst like Vesuvius, o'erwhelm the offender,
If he be some mechanic, boot-maker or mender.
Yes, poor eccentricity bears all the blame,
So long as for riches he keeps up his fame;
While General can talk of his negroes and lands,
His chance for a “speck,” of his newly laid plans;
Expatriate largely on Russia's intentions,
On Liquor Law bills and Know-Nothing Conventions,
Puff away at his ease Rio Hondo cigars;

Can strut in kid gloves, hold his head to the stars,
Pull out his gold watch with its dangling gold chain,
Walk up and down street with a gold-headed cane;
Though his high head is empty, he'll hold the first rank
So long as it's known he has money in bank.
The young dandy, charmed, like a bird by a snake,
Commits a quite common, but fatal mistake;
For his eyes while bedazzled with gold's blinding light,
Are certain of virtue and worth to lose sight.
Seeking only distinction, to which he would rise,
He worships and marries a millionaire prize.
When safely ensnared, without chance to escape,
To his sorrow he finds he's in Midas's scrape,
Who prayed that his touch should change all things to
gold,
But, famished with hunger, and shivering with cold,
Very soon begged of Bacchus a different treat—
To turn his gold back into blankets and meat.
No friend to calm softly the billows that roll,
While adversity's storms are convulsing the soul;
No gentle companion, with magical art,
To light with her smiles, and bid darkness depart.
O no; but, instead, he has married a pet,
Who can murmur and grumble, can quarrel and fret,
Bawling week after week, scolding day after day,
At all living creatures that come in her way.
Yes, one whose ill-temper no kindness appeases;
Who'll have her own way, and do just as she pleases;
Who ne'er in her life to a mortal could bow,
And wouldn't by any be ruled over now:
Must everything have that she thinks she admires,
Or burst out in fury, like volcanic fires.

And then if it happens the crop's rather slim,
And he can't spare the money to meet every whim,
No pity she'll have, but in spite she must dress,
If it plunges him into the deepest distress;
The bonnets, the silks, and the satins must come,
Let it make him grow gray, yes, or blind, deaf and dumb;
This thing of refusing he never could dare;
He'd sooner encounter a lion or bear.
Not the sign of a murmur must ever arise,
Or he'll certainly forfeit his head or his eyes;
Must be as submissive and meek as a lamb;
Must bear, must endure, and be perfectly calm;
Must never the slightest objection disclose,
No matter what notions she's wont to propose.
Then, if for her folly, he happens to get
Involved head and ears in a vortex of debt,
One thing's pretty certain, he'll stay in the mire —
There he'll struggle alone, there he'll even expire.
If he waited for help, he'd be looking in vain,
She'd never assist him to get out again:
Wasn't used to hard-working, and wouldn't be vexed,
Be worried, tormented, and ever perplexed;
Wasn't married to be a contemptible slave
And wouldn't be one the whole Union to save.
To darn wouldn't stoop, wouldn't look at a patch,
Her delicate fingers no needle should scratch;
It was never a part of the life she had led
To hammer at biscuit or make up a bed.
O, no, she'd been used to the parlor and dance,
Perusing new novels, absorbed in romance,
A little French, poetry, music, and song,
Then dozing away the whole afternoon long.

Poor fellow, I guess ere in sorrow he dies,
He'll wish he'd not heard of that millionaire prize.

Alas! who would sacrifice comfort for tin?
How few, notwithstanding, are free from the sin!
These fish that will bite at a bait of the dimes,
Are commonly caught, and caught badly sometimes.
I've heard of a story, where charmed by the tin,
Another poor fellow was quite taken in.
Well, there once was a lady remarkably fair,
Whose beauties were numerous, charming and rare;
She attracted this "sprout," with his head full of sap,
A victim just fit to be caught in a trap;
When captured, and after all help was too late,
He found he had married an old bald pate,
Decked off in some ringlets, all glossy and fine,
As little *her* ringlets as yours or mine;
The eye that he thought was so sparkling and bright,
Was a smooth ball of glass without muscle or sight;
The cheeks that so glowed with the tint of the morn,
No sooner were washed than all color was gone;
The white pearly teeth, all so smooth and so sound,
Had belonged to some Indian long since in the ground;
But naught had the victim so terribly nettled,
As to find that on *her* all the money was settled.

The ladies too fall into errors absurd:
How oft of some charming young Miss have I heard,
Who, to some old grand-daddy, her liberty sold;
Because he has promised a plenty of gold!
Poor thing, and when purchased with carriages fine,
With furniture, dresses, ere long she will pine;

In sackcloth and ashes her folly repent,
Ere a fortnight in bondage she's mournfully spent.
The crabbed old thing is forever complaining;
He's grunting and groaning, be it shining or raining;
He'll sneeze and he'll quarrel, he'll cough and he'll creep,
The weary day long he will doze and he'll sleep;
Then smoke up the house with tobacco and pipe,
His dirty black feet on the ottoman wipe;
In short, such an obstinate, hard-headed man,
She never can please him—do all that she can.

'Tis not the young only who worship the gold,
The same mighty charmer allures the old.
The shrivelled old mother now soon to expire—
With tremulous voice, "Is he rich?" must inquire.
If he's not, then his visits she'll quickly cut short,
Can never consent to a match of that sort.
But he's hundreds of thousands, and just let her hear it,
Instantly, he seems a young man of great merit.
O yes, he must now be invited to dine;
The parlor, the house, and the table must shine;
The children must have on their best Sunday clothes,
Keep quiet their ignorance not to expose;
The servants must practice until they are able,
Without seeming awkward to wait on the table;
Young mistress must primp, and do all that she can,
To catch such a wealthy and charming young man.

And now since the heiress alone's in demand,
There's a curious practice I can't understand;
So the question to ladies I'd like to propose,
Perhaps you'll be able the trick to disclose.

What's the use of this greasing and painting your faces,
This dressing in satins, rich ribbons and laces,
This curling, and scorching, and crimping your hair,
Your bleaching and scrubbing, to make you look fair,
Your drawing, and squeezing, and pinching your feet,
This enduring of death, as you glide through the street?
No matter *how* pretty, no heart will you win,
So it's no use to try if you're *minus* the tin.
But then, if you have it, why suffer the pain?
Distinction and honor you'll certainly gain.
Think no more of your flounces, your bonnets, too, now
Pull up from your shoulders and cover your brow;
Think no more of the mind, for the fashions all mock it,
But centre your energies all on the pocket;
Deem all your accomplishments not worth a straw,
But to keep you from under stern poverty's paw;
Pay court to the rich, get, or *seem* rich yourself;
Give beauty the back-ground, and scruples the shelf;
Think no more of fine eyes, pretty mouth, dimpled chin—
Like a cork you will float on a life-boat of Tin.

* Some have spoken of a similarity between the above poem and "Nothing to Wear," by William Allen Butler; if any exists, it is the result of accident, and not imitation, "Has she any Tin?" having been published some time previous.

THE OLD MAN ON THE "STUCK-UPS."

"WELL, wife, this is a funny world; some folks are
mighty strange;
It seems to me since I was young there's been a wondrous
change;
I met with Peter Jones to-day, right bluff up on the street;
I might have seen my image in the boots upon his feet,
But you think that Peter knew me? Why bless you,
Honey, no!
He acted like he never had heard tell of me before.
He kept on busy talking to a fellow at his side,
And looked so consequential, the embodiment of pride;
I looked, and kept a looking, I could scarce believe my
eyes:
It's mighty strange, these modern times; how quick some
people rise;
It seems just like the other day that Peter drove a cart,
And worked at any sort of job to get a little start;
Well now he's rich, and gone to live up in the "Western
End";
But who'd have thought that Peter Jones would slight so
old a friend;
And there's that boy of Peter Jones, they say he's "stuck
up" too,

And half the girls in Baltimore are making much ado
About his very handsome face, and very winning ways;
Of course they never knew the chap before his prosperous
days!

I always thought that our Bob had twice as much his sense,
And yet he's gone way yonder up, and left Bob "on the
fence".

It seems to me we all work hard, and nothing lack in
pluck;

But somehow it is mighty strange we've never had their
luck.

I saw Pete's wife the other day riding in her carriage;
I used to go with Nancy Ann long, long before her mar-
riage,

But you ought'o seen her toss her head, and look up to
the sky,

She didn't seem to even know that I was passing by.

Well, well, I'm getting quite outdone a watching people's
ways,

And all the pride and foolishness that's common in these
days;

I sometimes think I'll be right glad when time with me
is up,

And all the bitter and the sweet are swallowed from the
cup."

“WHENCE THEY CAME.”

RECORD them all, the rich, the great,
 From Avenues and Places,
 Who live in mansions large and grand,
 Who dress in gems and laces;
 “Society’s Directory”
 Shall be our roll of fame;
 O, let us know aristocrats!
 But tell not “whence they came!”

That we may pay them each and all
 Due deference when we meet,
 Pray give us with precision true,
 Their number and their street;
 We’d know “*bon tons*”, and “who is who”,
 Their residence and name,
 But spare, O, spare their pedigree!
 O, tell not “whence they came!”

We’ll ask no questions of the past,
 Of what they came or how,
 We’ll only know them by the style
 In which they’re living now,
 We’ll recognize, the “F. F. Bs”,
 We’ll not dispute their claim,
 Antiquity shall hold her tongue,
 Nor tell us “whence they came.”

Alas! ye "Bloods," your day is o'er,
Now *streets* shall fix your station,
The standard of gentility
Is of a late creation;
'Twere vain to tell your ancestry,
Their wealth, or ancient fame;
What care our modern "fashionables"
For you, or "whence you came?"

But after all, it matters not
Who's known by street or birth,
For all that's false must pass away,
Must vanish with the earth;
For God, the great, the rich, the poor,
Shall welcome all the same,
Nor in His Kingdom, on His Throne,
Shall ask them "whence they came".

RICH RELATIONS VERSUS POOR.

WE'VE met with some people remarkably prone
To talking relationships o'er,
But never found one, even willing to own
A kinsman exceedingly poor.
They'll dwell upon records for centuries kept,
From their origin down to the present,
And boast about those, who for ages have slept
'Neath the feet of the prince and the peasant.
They'll mention the name of some General great,
And his virtues recall by the score,
Or talk of the worth of his scattered estate,
But *never* admit he was *poor*.
Then cousins, almost from the time of the "flood,"
They'll trace with a great deal of pains,
And tell e'en what portion of "quality" blood
Is flowing in all of their veins!
They've kinsfolk "quite famous;" some "likely to rise,"
And some, who "to Congress, have risen,"
But we'll venture to say, in all candor and truth,
They've none in a poor-house or prison.
O no! the whole tribe, from beginning to end,
Is free from a "dark-colored" sheep,
Or if there is one, you may surely depend,
That secret they'll certainly keep.
They'll speak of this uncle—a "Governor" of State—
That cousin an "heiress" or "belle,"
"Old aunty" who'll leave them a property great
When summoned in heaven to dwell—

But of Paddy, who ditches with shovel and spade,
From beginning to end of the year,
Or "Peggie," who's learning the milliner's trade,
'Tis certain you never will hear.
Of "Nancy," who brings in her chickens for sale
On election or "mustered" day,
And measures, for "coppers," her tumblers of ale,
They'll surely have nothing to say:
Of uncle, in "wool-hat" and osnaburg suit,
Who travels on donkey or mule,
They generally manage to keep rather mute,
While to shun him they make it a rule.
Such kindred they think it degrading to claim,
Because they're minus the "*tin*,"
And always declare with a feeling of shame,
They are "*slightly*" if any way "kin!"
With "*Big-Bugs*," however, they'll fish for connection,
But "small-fry" are ready to mock;
They never can bear the unpleasant reflection
Of springing from "plebian" stock.
These "would be great ones" we're frequently told,
While passing through city or town,
Will seek for relations abounding in gold
Or living in earthly renown;
But of those who are getting a laborer's hire
And of those who are begging for bread,
They never take trouble, not e'en to inquire
Whether *they* are living or dead!
They'll welcome their kindred, of "eminent fame,"
To visit them summer and fall,
And news of their coming will gladly proclaim,
Till tidings are wafted to all:

The house will be painted and scoured with care,
 The silver and crockery shine;
 The table be covered with "niceties" rare,
 And neighbors invited to dine.
 Then with fine shining coach and sleek prancing bays,
 And coachman and footman so neat
 They'll invite them to drive, on mild sunny days,
 Of course, through the principal street:
 And then all bedecked in fair Fashion's array,
 Quite often they'll visit and call,
 And when the "dear creatures" no longer can stay,
 They'll give them a "party" or "ball".
 But when their poor kindred upon them intrude
 They are sure not to make any "splurge,"
 And if they don't treat them exceedingly rude,
 Their visits they never will urge. —
Rich kindred are always the "pinks of perfection,"
 Intelligent, handsome, polite,
 Not even Dame Nature could make a correction,
 In short, they're perfectly right!
 Poor relations may be quite as pure in heart,
 In intellect, equally bright,
 Yet never seem beautiful, lovely or smart,
 They are viewed in a different light.
 In looking the face of the hemisphere o'er,
 One thing we have thoroughly learned,
 That those, who are wanting in glittering lore,
 By kindred are apt to be spurned.
 So, if any are blest with a number of kin,
 And wish their affections to hold,
 They cannot expect their approval to win,
 Until they have gathered the gold.

THE PAIN OF UGLINESS.

THIS is the most rebellious pain
That's common to our race,
It makes attacks on every part,
But mostly on the face ;
This ailment 's hard to diagnose,
Yet most the symptoms know,
For those who have the malady
Some evidences show ;
The physic used is various,
And scattered o'er the nations,
But all the remedies consist
In outward applications ;
On each young lady's bureau
You'll witness any number
About the time the invalid
Prepares herself to slumber.

There are lotions and washes,
Paints, powders, and dyes,
With "cushions" and "bandoes"
In endless supplies ;
Then curls, without number,
And tresses of hair
Twisted up in a "coil"
With the utmost of care ;
And another "contraption"
Much queerer than all,

A sort of appendage
They style "water-fall."

Then, pins used for "crimping,"
Every sign in its place,
Gives proof, without doubt,
That this pain's in the face.

And, if searching on farther,
You come across "stays,"
The victim is suffering
In two different ways;

It is always the sign
Of a desperate case,
When the portion affected,
'Tis needful to "lace."

Now, this bothersome pain
Is confined to no sex,
But is sent upon all
To annoy, and perplex;

The bachelor feels it,
As well as the maid,
And resorts to as many
Deceptions for aid.

Smoked bottles and hair-dye,
'Tis hard to make mention
Of all of their "primpers"
Of recent invention.

Suffice it to say,
 With the pain they're afflicted,
And to much that is foolish
 Are sadly addicted.

There are thousands of doctors,
 And hundreds of quacks,
Who say they can furnish
 What every one lacks;

The milliners, barbers,
 Hair dressers, en masse,
With numberless others,
 Come under this class;

They do all they can
 To make easy the smart,
And we give them due credit
 For acting their part;

But the fact, though a sad one,
 Is very well known
That ugliness always
 Extends to the "*bone*."

This malady seizes
 The good, and the brave,
And numberless victims
 Consigns to the grave.

The maiden, to reduce her waist,
 Will girt it up in stays,
And for some merciless disease
 A certain basis lays;

To make her feet look extra small
Will put on slippers thin,
Expecting with a pretty foot,
Some clever chap to win;
But, disregarding common sense,
And warnings from the old,
While trying thus to catch a beau,
She'll sooner catch a cold.
She'll dress up, on a winter's eve,
In airy fabrics light,
And with her neck and arms exposed,
Go out to spend the night,
Defying twilight's hurtful dews,
And midnight's icy breath,
She quits the ball-room's stifling heat
To meet the chill of death.
Thus, from a dread of ugliness,
And ardent wish for beauty,
Young ladies outrage common sense,
And close their eyes to duty.
So maidens, pray be cautious
How you tamper with this pain,
'Twill often cheat you out of life,
And your eternal gain.

A CURIOUS FACT.

WHEN merchants bring on pretty goods,
At every opening season,
And ladies gratify their wants
Beyond all sense or reason;
When mantua-makers scarce have time
To eat their daily rations,
And work their fingers nearly off
In deference to the fashions;

When milliners display their hats--
Fit emblems of the Graces--
And rival nature in the art
Of beautifying faces;
When gentlemen who lecture girls
Upon the sin of dress,
Forgetting quite their own advice,
Commit the same excess.

When old and young, the rich and poor,
In "finery" come out,
It is a fact significant,
They seem to grow devout;
When all have spent their ready cash
To purchase something new,
You'll scarcely find in any church
A single vacant pew.

But when the outfit's been displayed,
The bonnet's wearing old,
How strange it is as ribbons fade,
Devotion, too, grows cold:
How very strange when pretty clothes
Appear no longer new,
That those who still frequent the church
Find worshippers so few.

INCONSISTENT HUSBANDS.

THERE is a scene, ye husbands kind,
We now would bring before your mind,
It lingers in your memory yet,
For 'tis a scene you'll ne'er forget;
'Tis when, in all your manly pride,
You claimed your fair and blushing bride.

You felt, upon that wedding night,
That all might envy your delight,
And, in exulting triumph, swore
To prize each day your "idol" more;
A microscope your eyes became,
And magnified each charm the same.

You told her then, in accents kind—
For "love," you know, is always "blind"—
That none possessed such beauties rare,
Or could, in worth, with her compare;
That ne'er was such perfection seen,
Until discovered in your queen;

And if, perchance, in coming years,
Those radiant eyes should melt in tears,
And with their briny touch erase
Fair Nature's carmine from her face,
Or from that brow relentless woes
Should steal the lily and the rose,

You told her that, as ivy stayed
More closely by the oak decayed,
So long you'd linger at her side,
When time had changed your lovely bride,
And, breathing o'er your marriage vow,
You swore to love her "*then*, as now";

At morning, noon, or night, the kiss
Was ne'er forgot, or thought amiss,
Pet names, which came with every word,
Were ne'er too sweet to seem absurd;
Unconscious of all other eyes,
Your ardent love knew no disguise.

No matter who was standing near,
'Twas "honey," "sugar," "darling," "dear,"
Save when to variegate your love,
You'd spice it up with "turtle dove;"
And then, to make complete your bliss,
Would steal another loving kiss.

You ne'er refused to walk or ride,
But lingered ever at her side;
Pronounced each word, and action right,
To grant each wish was your delight,
And promises were never broken,
Or hasty words in passion spoken.

To lift her up and down the stairs,
To coax her when she put on "airs,"
Or kiss away the saucy pout
When business matters called you out,
Indeed, to act the lover well,
To catch the kerchief as it fell.

To give consent to this, or that,
To feed her bird, or pet her cat,
It was your highest earthly aim,
Until you well nigh spoiled the dame,
And with attentions turned her noddle,
In trying to become a "model". —

Now husbands, tell us, "honor bright,"
Confess the wrong, as well as right,
We know 'tis cruel to convict you,
But have we overdrawn the picture?
Pray tell us, are you so devoted
As when your lovely wives were courted? —

For shame your guilty faces hide,
We'll peep upon the other side. —
The curtain falls, the dreamy act
Is changed for one of sterner fact,
Which proves that no "beginnings" tend
To throw a light upon the "end".

No more the kiss is sought at noon,
The lips are sadly out of tune,
Except when something happens wrong,
And then they'll elatter loud, and long,
About the petty ills of life,
And "*botheration*" of a wife.

The dinner's never fit to eat,
The bread is "raw", and "burnt" the meat,
The shirt is never done up right,
Sometimes too "stiff", too "blue", or "white". —

Your wife must bear the full amount
Of blame, and give a strict account

For every thing that happens wrong
About the house, the whole day long;
Must answer for the cook contrary,
For careless Jane, or lazy Mary,
And almost get upon her knees
Your transient anger to appease.

The "brats" are always in a pout,
And wife's to blame, beyond a doubt,
The little "imps" are such a "bother,"
And take their meanness all from mother,
Who's grown so "ugly," and so "old,"
And such a "cross, notorious scold".

Yet still she's striving, day by day,
To drive your ugly frowns away;
She's mending pants, or darning socks,
Or making baby's bibbs, or frocks. —
She'll sometimes for a little change,
The household furniture arrange. —

But, "hold, enough,"! we'll gladly close,
Nor seek your follies to expose
Still farther in a stronger light,
Lest you should deem us impolite.
Excuse our venture to advise,
And look at things through other eyes:

Your wife is but a human creature,
In mind, and heart, in form and feature,
So take this adage for your guide,
While drifting on life's changing tide,
You've doubtless heard it in your lives,
“*Good* husbands always make *good* wives”.

INCONSISTENT WIVES.

PECULIAR charms by none denied
Surround the very name of bride,
All press with eagerness to see
The captive maid, no longer free;
The orange bud is deemed more fair
Because it oft bedecks her hair,

And silken "blond," 'tho only lace,
When found in any other place,
Charms even as a fairy tale
When wrought into the bridal veil,
Which o'er the fairest form can throw
A charm it never knew before;

The orange bud, the veil so light,
The satin robe, of spotless white,
With youth, and nature's charms combine
To make a picture so divine
That few, in all creation wide,
Have ever seen an *ugly* bride.

Now, all ye staid and sober wives,
Who lead such unromantic lives,
Remember for your consolation
Though greatly changed your avocation,
There was a time when, without jesting,
The world pronounced you interesting.

But let us turn away from brides,
For every question has two sides,
To look at things, without disguise,
Through Honesty's impartial eyes,
And view, amid the cares of life,
The less poetic, sober wife.

We've brought up husbands for inspection,
And found that none can boast perfection,
But let us not forget the rule
That many of us learned at school,
'Tis even true, as children say,
That "turn about" is but "fair play."

Now, wives, so strangely inconsistent,
And in your foolishness persistent,
How often by your love of dress
You keep your husbands in distress,
When just a simple hat, or gown,
Would drive away that constant frown.

How oft to make a "good appearance,"
You tax him quite beyond forbearance
By thus indulging silly dreams,
Which hazard all his moneyed schemes;
And oft consume the ready "cash,"
Until he's broken with a "smash."

Sometimes you'll give a brilliant ball,
And make a show, surprising all,
Nor think how long he lies awake
Devising plans to pay for cake,

Or that from every dancing set
He hears the warning echo—*debt*.

You'll flirt, and waltz with other men,
Till long beyond the hour of ten,
And yet, would very jealous grow
If on some miss he should bestow
A loving glance, and like a hawk
You'd watch him if he dared to talk.

You strive to keep his "lordship" "straight,"
And scold him when he stays out late;
You put your veto on the "Club,"
And his companions "rascals" dub,
Quite sure he's up to nothing right
Whenever he is out of sight.

Poor fellow ! when he takes a smoke,
And feels disposed to laugh and joke,
You'll tell him how the "money flies,"
And how he's "putting out your eyes,"
And how he's "seenting up your rooms"
With horrid old tobacco fumes.

In days gone by, when first "engaged,"
You never once became enraged,
To *contradict* were never heard,
But now, you'll have the *last, last* word;
Would e'en the sign of "*scissors*" make
If sinking in a pond, or lake.

Sometimes you'll sleep till after nine,
And get up then to pout and whine

Because the household's going wrong,
Or things are not where they belong,
And look the picture of a frown
Enveloped in a dressing-gown.

The very frill that caught his eye,
Now, since a wife, you've laid it by,
Or quite neglect the graceful curl
That set his heart into a whirl;
And songs that used to charm him so
Have been forgotten long ago.

Before you caught him every art
Was practiced to secure his heart;
The fairest flowers, culled with care,
Were woven through your glossy hair;
The richest ribbons, gems and lace,
Were put on with a studied grace;

The brightest smiles lit up your eye
Whenever he was sitting by,
And with soft music's melting strains
You bound him fast in magic chains,
And seemed in his fond, loving eyes,
An angel pure, without disguise.

Now, ladies, to retain attention
From husbands, we would simply mention,
Just practice, as in days of yore,
The magic arts that won before,
And never drop the fair disguise
That made you lovely in his eyes.

INCONSISTENT LOVERS.

I'VE found out something on the boys,
My tranquil mind it much annoys,
So now, I mean to tell the girls,
Lest some should cast the precious pearls,
Hid in their hearts by Hands Divine,
Before the trampling feet of "swine:"

There is a youth, who has black eyes,
A pet mustache—he slightly dyes—
With charming teeth, and jetty curls,
Which "play the mischief" with the girls;
He always wears a gay cravat,
And very latest style of hat.

A dainty little walking-cane,
A handsome watch, with massive chain,
A pin, and buttons, with a ring,
A most expensive, heavy thing;
A coat and pants of fashion late,
Comprise the most of his estate.

A very small supply of brains,
With which he takes but little pains;
A callous heart, the shade of coal,
A counterfeit upon a soul;
With casual eye just slightly scan,
And then you'll see the total man.

Now, of this fascinating youth
We'll tell the girls the simple truth;
There was a trunk found in his room,
And that the girls may fix his doom,
According to the sternest law,
We'll tell them all the things we saw.

We'll own we did commit the sin
Of very slyly peeping in:
There was a pile of human hair
Of every shade, some dark, some fair,
Some braided narrow, others wide,
Some with a dainty ribbon tied;

Some hair was glossy, some was fine,
While some, again, resembled twine;
Some straight, some curly, some, I think,
Was tangled up into a kink;
But sure it was the pile was meant
Some fifty heads to represent.

We then, with wonderings, began,
And strove to read this youngster's plan;
Perhaps he's sought these locks with care
To make a fortune braiding hair
For pins and rings, in patterns rare,
To please the dames, and maidens fair.

But lo! I turn with more surprise,
Full fifty pictures greet my eyes.
Well, now I have it, 'tis a gallery
He'd open to secure a salary.

O what a lot of pretty faces,
Put up in such elaborate cases !

But lo ! I spy a pile of letters,
Some lying loose, some bound with fetters,
Some red, some yellow, pink and blue,
Some soiled with age, some fresh and new ;
Were I each fancy seal to break,
I'm sure my heart would sorely ache.

I've found him out ; this modern "*squirt*"
Is what they call a "*killling flirt*,"
Such falsity you'd scarce surmise.
Oh ! that young ladies were too wise
To make deposits in such hands
As fail to honor their demands.

The secrets in those "*billet doux*,"
Inscribed in ink of varied hues,
In many a touching, tender line,
"*Forever yours*," or, "*Only thine*,"
I'll be too clever to expose,
Though many a "*chum*" their contents knows.

Young ladies keep your pretty faces
Forever in their proper places ;
Look out for Cupid, with his fetters ;
Be very sparing with "*love letters*."
Should fops request a lock of hair,
Think well, fair maidens, and beware.

THE NATION.

A bit of history, written just after the War between the Confederate and United States.

O WHERE'S the glorious Nation
That once struggled into life,
And bade adieu to England
'Mid the din of bloody strife !

O where are now the heroes,
Who once battled for the right,
And gloried in the victory
And *justice* of their fight !

O where are now the "*rebels*,"
Who regarded not the crown,
And for their disobedience
Won the plaudits of renown !

O where are now the "*traitors*,"
So disloyal to the throne,
Who said they'd make a government,
And call it all their own !

O where are now the "*patriots*,"
Who made the bold profession
That *any* people had a *right*
To fight against "*oppression* !"

Who called the thirteen sisters
To combine their fighting skill,
And agreed to live together,
Bound alone by *free good will!*

Who lifted up the Eagle,
Bid defiance to the Fates,
An set the "stripes" to floating
O'er the great United States!

O come, ye sleeping heroes,
Who are resting with the dead,
Bring all your great companions,
And George Washington, your head!

O listen, for a moment,
To the story of my Muse,
While she makes a revelation
Of some most appalling news!

She'll tell you, father Washington,
The history of the case,
And how the politicians
Brought the country to disgrace:

Well, first of all, the quarrel
Was "*invented*" by the "Yanks,"
And for the *reformation*
They are welcome to the thanks.

You remember, when you left us,
That the *Yankees* had the slaves;
Well, they sold them to the Southerners,
And played the part of knaves;

They said the "darkies" wouldn't "pay,"
But told us not the "sin"
Until they got their burden off,
And had us "taken in;"

Then, soon went up the "hue and cry,"
Throughout the Yankee land,
That slavery was a damning curse,
Opposed to God's command.

Such cruel and such open sin
The Christians could not see;
They said they'd stop the horrid thing,
And set the "darkies" free.

Well, now the Southrons thought this step
Worse than the tax on tea,
And said so gross a robbery
Should never, never be;

They told their *conscientious* friends,
They'd saddle all the blame,
And by withdrawing to themselves
Relieve them of the shame;

But of their wealth and services
The Yankees had much need,
And plainly told the Southern States
They never should "*secede*."

The South then told them that she'd go,
Full conscious of the right,
And if she could not leave in peace
Would be compelled to fight.

Now, at this intimation
All of Yankeeedom arose
In all the raging fury
Of the most relentless foes.

They called upon all Europe,
And a million men they bought
To whip us for the very thing
They once themselves had fought.

They seized upon the revenue,
Blockaded all the ports,
Claimed all the ammunition,
And laid hold upon the forts.

They had the standing army,
All the money and the might;
The South had naught—her only strength,
The consciousness of right.

She struggled on, and shed her blood
Through four long, weary years,
Until a dark and crimson tide
Flowed through a land of tears.

They came in herds, with burning torch,
And laid our cities low,
And cursed our helpless women
As they bade them homeless go;

They stole the very jewels
From the weak, imploring hand,
Took bread from starving children
Through our desolated land;

Regarded neither youth nor age,
Nor spared the holy place.
And fixed forever on their names
The brand of deep disgrace.

O'ercome, at last, by greater force,
And *trickery* of the foe,
The South withdrew her gleaming sword,
And laid her colors low.

The Yankees, so *magnanimous*,
Then promised General Lee
They'd let us take our places back,
Just where we used to be;

But when they got our guns away,
And thought all danger o'er,
They carried on the same old game,
And fooled us as before;

They cast our helpless President
Within their prison walls,
And turned a deaf, relentless ear
To Mercy's pleading calls;

They said "*the Union was preserved*,"
They'd brought a "*peace*" about,
But when we promised to behave,
Forsooth, they *kicked us out*.

They tell us that we shall not vote,
Yet taxes we must pay,
And help support the Government
Without a word to say;

They tell us that we are not free,
Because we loved our rights,
Assure us that the negroes, now,
Are better than the whites;

They've sent us from the ballot-box
To let the "darkies" vote,
And Congressmen to negro rights
Their precious words devote;

They've done another *generous* thing,
And passed a recent bill
That Southern men their army's ranks
Are not allowed to fill;

Should foreign war upon our shores
Implant its iron heel,
The noble act 'twould doubtless be
Their pleasure to repeal.

But lo ! my Muse must seek repose,
And hush her doleful song,
Too feeble are her liveliest powers
To utter half the wrong.

Our country's writhing under
The injustice of our foes,
And when will cease oppression
Only God, in wisdom, knows.

O, "father of your country !"
Such distinction you'd disclaim,

The Republic's lost its greatness,
And the honor of her name ;

You'd turn away with sadness,
Overshadowed by dismay,
And weep upon the bloody soil
Where sleeps your hallowed clay.

HINTS TO YOUNG LADIES.

TOO many daughters of our modern age,
Unmindful of the teachings of the sage,
Give to the *mind* a secondary place,
And sacrifice its powers to *silk*, and *lace*.

The pretty face, we would not lightly deem,
Or to the graceful form indifferent seem;
All modern fashions canvass to deride,
Or deprecate a *moderate* share of pride;

And yet, we must condemn the sad *excess*,
The great devotion to the art of dress,
Which never elevates the mind above
A bow of ribbon, or the shade of glove;

A blind adherence, we can but lament,
To all Dame Fashion chooses to invent;
Must pity those so bound with steel and loop,
That fettered limbs refuse to bend or stoop;

And if, perchance, "their snowy kerchiefs" "drop,"
Must cast imploring glances at some fop,
In hopes that Gallantry a "*lift*" will lend,
To save them from a "blush," and dreaded *bend*.

How many turn disdainfully from books,
Unless they treat of dress, or pretty looks,

And seek their pleasures, where all reason fails,
In fashion plates, and sentimental tales.

Their dreams by night, and constant thoughts by day,
Are fixed upon the subject of display;
Without a wish more solid things to know,
Ambition envies naught but gaudy show;

An empty *purse* is looked upon with dread,
But few, alas ! deplore an empty head;
Some, too, with ease, the fashion journals quote,
Whose spelling would disgrace the briefest note.

Averse to wisdom, seeking but to know
The quickest way to captivate a beau,
With craniums void, they take the place of wife,
And, empty-headed, end the "voyage of life."

A CHARACTER.

SO bitter is she that even gall
Turns to a sick'ning sweet,
And honies on her lips;
So violent when in a rage,
That hell-born Furies sent
On missions of revenge
In her wild presence stand abashed,
And, conscious of defeat,
Turn red with envy;
So false, that Truth, fair goddess, pure,
Affrighted, flees her presence,
To shun its Upas poison;
So envious, and by it blinded,
She heaps imagined good
On those whose lives are sad,
And while she deems them blest with joys,
Though of her own creation,
Resorts to stratagem
To rob them with a ruthless hand
Of what they ne'er possessed,
Or even thought to covet;
So jealous, that she hateth all
Who ever had a lover,
Or even love bestowed;
She thinks but one was ever born
To merit true devotion,
And that dear one herself;

So selfish, that the very thoughts
Of giving startle her,
And well nigh turn her reason;
So mischief-making, that her soul
E'er finds its chief delight
And every day employment
In rupturing friendship's golden chain,
And strewing thick the broken links
Upon her rugged path-way;
So dissembling, that at will
All virtues can she feign,
And so deceive the innocent
As oft their love to gain
By artful strategy.
Though strange, such beings really live
Outside of hell's domain,
And pass on earth for women.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

Written in 1876. After the election of Pres't. Hayes.

OUR country's a theatre,
And our Congress is the stage,
Whilst the people are spectators,
Of varied rank and age;
Upon its broad arena
Our politicians mix,
And entertain their audience
With speeches and with tricks;
They've turned a solemn tragedy
Into a stupid farce,
And whilst the actors differ much,
The wiser ones are sparse;
Our sober minded people
Look upon the scene with dread,
And none can treat it lightly,
Save the fool with empty head;
For when statesmen in high places,
And Supreme Judges too,
So far lose sight of justice,
And all that's good and true,
As to shelter Fraud and Falsehood
Behind the forms of law;
Forbid investigations,
Lest the search reveal a flaw,
And cherish things as sacred,

That are only base and vile;
O! how can men of reason,
Look on the farce and smile? —
The partisan Commission,
So confirmed in all their ways,
Have ignored the vote for Tilden,
And have summed it up for Hayes;
We might have known the terminus,
Before the case was tried,
For Radicals, we all must own,
Deep “in the wool are dyed;”
A cloven-foot will reproduce
Divisions in its track,
And *white* can never be deduced
From any thing that’s *black*.
A *party*, not the people,
In the issue must rejoice,
Since *manoeuvres* made the President,
And not the Public Voice.—
We’ll try to be submissive,
And we’ll hope for better days,
While we pray to God devoutly
To direct the steps of Hayes,
And implore Him, in His justice,
To make Radicals anew,
And then as well as Democrats,
Republicans will do.
We’ll beg Him search their rotten hearts,
If *hearts* can e’er be found,
And root their vile corruption out,
Until the core is sound. —
May honesty possess them,

Till they all refuse to steal,
And then around their altars
More devoutly can we kneel. —
Jehovah of Omnipotence,
Exert Thy mighty power,
And save us from destruction,
In this dark and trying hour;
Have mercy on Republicans,
And turn them from their ways,
And give us peace and plenty
With the rulership of Hayes.

A RAINY SUNDAY.

SOME deem a rainy Sabbath day
A great and timely blessing,
While others note the rising cloud
As something quite distressing.

The youth who's haunted all the week
By thoughts of brilliant eyes,
Looks up with fixed and troubled gaze
Toward the weeping skies;

And though his lips may never move,
The angels hear him say,
"Plague take" a rainy Sunday !
She'll not be out to-day.

The love-sick maid, with nervous air,
Looks through the window-pane,
And crossly bites her ruby lips
To see the falling rain;

She lifts the sash with trembling hand,
And with impatient eye
Looks for a sunbeam, smiling bright,
To cheer the frowning sky;

List, and your ear will catch the low,
Sad music of a sigh;

Or, can you read her inmost thoughts
By glancing at her eye ?

Then softly you might hear her say
He'll leave me in the lurch,
I'm sure he'll not come round to-day
To take me out to church.

The giddy miss who's lately bought
A bonnet or a dress,
Looks out upon the gloomy day
With feelings of distress;

And as she hears the bell for church,
Says, almost in a pout,
"I think I'll stay at home to-day,
There'll be 'nobody out.'"

The handsome dress is tossed aside,
With half reluctant air,
The bonnet, such a "perfect love,"
Is laid aside with care;

She sinks into an easy chair
To mope the live-long day,
Because she did not have a chance
Her "rigging" to display.

'Tis often thus devotion's cooled,
Or smothered in a twinkling,
While pride is thrown into a "boil"
By just a little sprinkling.

Some like to see a rainy day,
While others wish it fair,
Because, to tell the painful truth,
They've "nothing fit to wear."

While others hail the melting cloud
For reasons little better,
Because it is a "charming time"
To write a friendly letter.

Some think it is so "glorious"
To take a Sunday "doze,"
To lay aside their business cares,
And weary minds compose;

Some read a book, or love-sick tale,
Regarding it a treat
To have a day of solitude—
No visitors to meet.

But few regret the Sabbath rain,
The wet and muddy sod,
Because they cannot go in peace
To hear the Word of God;

Or look from this beclouded sphere
To one forever bright,
Where darkness hides its sullén face
Before eternal light.

THE PRECIOUS JEWEL.

THERE is a gem of value great,
And far more rare than gold,
And though 'tis highly prized by all,
'Tis never bought, or sold;

It lies in no dark ocean cave,
Deep buried out of sight,
Nor from the bowels of the earth
Is it conveyed to light;

It needs no skillful workmanship
To polish off the dust,
To cut it into graceful shape,
Or penetrate the crust;

'Tis found in perfect symmetry,
Nor can the hand of art
Add lustre to its brilliancy,
Or greater worth impart;

'Tis never hid, but always seen,
None can mistake it well,
Yet of this gem, that's known to all,
There's something strange to tell;

Though few possess this jewel rare,
The truth is ne'er confessed,

But each one calls the gem his own,
And thinks none likewise blest;

Yet when he most asserts his claim,
Some honest neighbor kind,
Is slyly "laughing in his sleeve,"
To see his friend so blind;

While he, in turn, deceives himself
In pretense e'en more bold,
And quite contented, "thanks his stars"
He's not so badly "sold."

Thus each beholds the other
In a very different light,
And while they each are in the wrong,
Believe they're in the right.

Indeed, this gem so curious,
Just now, "'twixt you and me,"
Pray, pardon, the comparison,
Is much like Paddy's "flea."

The name of this uncommon gem
Is doubtless evident;
If not, we'll tell you in a word,
"*Consistency*" is meant.

Of those who lack consistency
There is an endless throng,
Who ever think they're in the right,
While ever in the wrong;

Indeed, we cannot tell one half
The funny things they do,
But if you'll lend a list'ning ear,
We'll numerate a few:

Some members of the church, we fear,
Are sliding back quite fast,
And you, who used to be the first,
Are now among the last

To join in any noble scheme
That better people start,
Or show by either word, or deed,
You've chose the "better part."

To church, to Sabbath-school, or prayers,
You go so seldom out,
Unless you quickly mend your ways,
You'll never be devout;

You'll often slight the house of God
For rain, or mud, or snow,
But if a circus comes along
You're very apt to go,

Though winds may blow, and thunders roar,
And cold may be the day,
But ever, where you have "a will,"
You'll always find "a way."

You'll give your dollar, cheerfully,
To patronize the *clown*,
But won't expend a single cent
To benefit the town;

When Charity presents itself,
Your money's all "played out,"
And when the preacher wants his pay,
You're always "up the spout;"

You'll run from the "*subscription list*,"
And dodge "*collection*" days,
Neglect your Christian duties
In a thousand little ways;

Yet never slight the milliner
Who beautifies your face,
But gayly rustle into church
Enveloped in her lace;

While he, who strives in holy zeal
To beautify your heart,
Finds, to his great discouragement,
He acts no easy part.

When dark misfortune grimly frowns,
And sweeps your wealth away,
The first economy you use
Is in the *preacher's pay*;

You'll ne'er forsake a dainty dish,
Or fashion that is odd,
But first contrive to "make ends meet,"
And save, by cheating God;

You'll talk about your poverty,
With all its bitter woes,

And yet, you'll dress your daughters up
To captivate the beaux;

You grumble if your customers
Are slow to pay the "cash,"
And talk about the "sight of dimes"
It takes to make a "dash",

But quite forget that, like yourself,
The preacher has to eat,
Nor think how many dimes it takes
To buy his children meat.

You'll criticise the preacher's wife,
The quaintness of her dress,
But if her wardrobe came from you,
She'd follow fashion less.

So, pray, don't make unkind remarks,
Or note her lack of fashion,
Unless your tightly twisted purse
Is opened by compassion.

You'll give a party now and then,
And all the *rich* invite,
But if a beggar seeks your door
Refuse to him a mite.

You'll patronize the baker's shop,
To feed the baker's wife,
But never give a single cent
To buy the "bread of life."

You'll criticise the minister,
And call the sermon "dry,"
But never think how much the fault
Within yourself may lie.

You'll seldom even go to church—
That privilege refuse—
But when you do, your habit is
The sermon to abuse.

Yet never think, while giving vent
To such unchristian views,
How hard a task your pastor has
To preach to empty pews;

Nor how it tries his faith to talk
To those who seldom pray,
And, be it uttered to your shame,
Who quite as seldom "pay."

The singing next you'll criticise,
And each mistake deride:
Glance with a smile, significant,
At some one by your side.

Sometimes, perchance, you'll take a nap,
And just get through your doze
About the time the services
Are drawing to a close.

Then, all the while, returning home
Declare how greatly vexed

To think the "stupid" minister
Would take so dull a text;

And if some more attentive friend
Should ask what you had heard,
We rather think 'twould puzzle you
To tell a single word.

Now, readers kind, if in these hints
We've "trod upon your toes,"
Just hold your peace; say not a word
The secret to disclose;

For company you'll doubtless have,
And though the "cap may fit,"
Perhaps nobody'll find it out,
So don't *confess* you're "*hit*."

THE POETESS IN THE KITCHEN.*

AWAY! away! I'll break the chains
That bind me to these dark domains,
Where pots and kettles, sooty black,
Offend my sight, and strain my back;
I'll wipe the smoke-tears from mine eyes,
And, like the curling flames, I'll rise
And soar to the realms of fancy.

From stifling fumes of broiling meat
I'll beat a sure and fast retreat;
I'll dodge the spiteful spit of grease,
And seek in verse a sweet surcease;
Upon the misty wings of steam
I'll vanish like a fading dream,
And soar to the realms of fancy.

I'll seek a fairer scene than this,
I'll flee the kettle's serpent hiss,
I'll rid my hands of sticky dough,
And quit the ills that vex me so;
Some friendly Muse will I invoke
Beyond the range of kitchen smoke,
And soar to the realms of fancy.

Let Bridget, with her harsher hands,
Supply the table's stern demands,
Whose highest thoughts ne'er rose above

The spongy bread within her stove;
Who craves no more ethereal sweets
Than such as rise from savory meats;
But let me go ! I'll break the chain,
So galling to my limbs and brain,
And soar to the realms of fancy.

Let each consent to fill the place
That Nature meant for her to grace;
Let Bridget glory in her pies,
While on Pegasian steed I rise;
A poet ne'er was made to cook;
I'll seek afar some flowery nook,
And soar to the realms of fancy.

* While stirring a pot of hominy which was about to burn, despite unceasing vigilance, the above lines were hurriedly written on a paper bag, lying at hand, as a sort of relief to a fit of desperation and disgust.

THE BURNING OF COLUMBIA.

The extreme bitterness of the following poem, the indulgence of which might be deemed by some as even unbecoming to one of the "gentler sex," suggests the propriety of a statement of the circumstances under which it was written and first published. Standing, as it were, upon the blackened ruins of our adopted home, with that peculiar sense of desolation known only to the homeless, and contemplating the wanton destruction which had reduced to ashes the once beautiful City of Columbia, South Carolina, we naturally gave vent to unrestrained feelings. Nor can we now, after the lapse of years, retract what has been written, whilst we recognize the same unchanging, awful facts which merit the same unqualified condemnation.

The poem is republished with no desire to engender strife, but simply as a historical fact, recording an act in violation of the rules of civilized warfare, namely, the *destruction* of a *surrendered* city, which can never be erased from the pages of history.

In alluding to General Sherman, we would not underrate his superior generalship. The wonderful mastery of his troops was a fact proven, and generally noted in the remarkably short interval in which he checked the heartless ravages of his drunken soldiery. A deathlike silence reigned over the ruined city at his first word of command; and why that power was not exerted sooner in behalf of the frenzied citizens, who implored his mercy, is a question which remains for him to answer.

We are indebted for the facts contained in this poem to William Gilmore Simms, LL.D., having merely versified some of the incidents which he so graphically portrayed in prose.

We would also state that the term *Yankee* is intended to be understood simply in *that* sense in which it was used in the South during the War, and not as applying to all of Northern birth and sentiments, among whom are some of our warmest personal friends.

That we may not be misunderstood or misjudged, we would beg our readers to discriminate between the condemnation of crime in itself, and the indulgence of bitter personal hatred, having been

actuated solely by that spirit which can "hate the *sin*, and yet, the *sinner* love;" claiming the inalienable right to condemn the wrong wherever and in whomsoever found. Having upon one occasion remarked to Bishop Marvin, in connection with the following poem, that we were fearful that some might accuse us of the indulgence of unchristian feelings, he replied: "It is as much the duty of the Christian to condemn vice as to uphold virtue;" while he called attention to the scathing satire which our Saviour, upon several occasions, used in His reproof of sin, which seems to have been transmitted from the "generation of vipers," and, in this enlightened, Christian age, has culminated in the burning of Columbia.

METHINKS there'll be emblazoned on the dismal
 walls of Hell
 A record base, whose fiery words of fiendish deeds will
 tell,
 Through ages of eternal woe, to demons black with crime,
 How once, on earth, degraded men o'erleaped the bounds
 of time,
 And though they dwelt in human flesh, incarnate devils
 turned,
 When maddened by infernal hate they plundered, killed
 and burned;
 Methinks the "Prince of darkness," with a wild, sar-
 donic grin,
 Will point exultant to a crime that won the prize from
 Sin,
 And glory in a monument that tells his direful sway
 O'er Northmen who, with burning torch, swept happy
 homes away.
 They came, a motley multitude, a God forsaken band,
 With vengeance rankling in each heart, and blood upon
 each hand,

And as they stood with glittering steel on Carolina's
banks,
"Vae victis!" was the fiendish shout that sounded through
their ranks;
They looked across Savannah's stream with fury-glaring
eyes,
And trembled in their eagerness to pounce upon their
prize;
In muttered curses, mingled with the "howlings of de-
light,"
They longed to strike, with bloody hand, the stunning
blow of might;
And as they neared, with dashing speed, Columbia so
fair,
The heavy tramp and cannon's roar that thundered on
the air
Gave warning to her people that a conflict had begun,
Whose deadly stroke would do its work before another
sun.
A carriage then was seen to leave which bore a flag of
white,
And men within whose bosoms burned the consciousness
of right
The army reached, in proper form, a noble-hearted
Mayor
Surrendered all, and begged the foe their lovely city
spare.
The sacred promise sought, was given, but soon a shout
arose
Which told, alas! of pledges broke, and treachery of
foes.
Behind them desolation told the fury of their wrath;

The light of burning homesteads threw a glimmer o'er
their path;
The smiling fields, all trampled, lay beneath the horse-
man's tread,
And cattle o'er a thousand hills lay mangled, bleeding,
dead.
Half-naked people cowered under bushes from the blast,
And shivered as the midnight wind with icy breathings
passed;
Fair maidens whose luxurious lives had known before no
blight,
With faces pale as marble, stood beneath the pall of
night,
While "crimson horrors" lighted up the wintry mid-
night sky,
As on the ebon wings of smoke their burning homesteads
fly,
Till village after village by ascending flames were traced,
And rising on the mourning clouds with fiery arms em-
braced.
The treasured stores of art and taste defiled and ruined lay;
Rare paintings which had long withstood the touch of
Time's decay;
Rich tapestry of velvet soft besmeared with ink and oil,
Where dainty feet once lightly trod, are now among the
spoil;
Rare furniture, superbly carved, pianos grand in tone,
Beneath the ruffian's crushing stroke sent up an echoing
moan;
The gardens, types of Paradise, in tropic verdure dressed,
All trampled by the vandal's steed, lay ruined with the
rest;

The cries of starving children rose upon the smoky air,
And wild ascended piteous screams of women in despair;
As far as human eye could reach a blackened desert lay,
And o'er a stricken people hung the shadows of dismay.
On, on they dashed with mad'ning speed, "*woe to the
conquered,*" cried,
"We'll crush rebellion's spirit now, and Carolina's pride;
We'll burn her cherished capital, we'll rob her of her
gain,
And woman's prayers or piteous cries shall reach our ears
in vain!"
No *summons for surrender* came, but thick, and rapid
fell
Into Columbia's very heart, the treacherous, bursting
shell,
The flying fragments bearing death to innocence and
mirth,
To children sporting, free from care, around the social
hearth,
To helpless women, feeble age, and victims of disease,
Who fell, with terror stricken down, upon their bended
knees.
An aged sire, with wrinkled brow, and silken locks of
white,
Was wounded by a missile sent, which took away his
sight.
The wild excitement on the street, the universal haste,
The people flying to and fro, the rush, the wreck, the
waste,
The "wilderness of baggage" sent on wagons to the
train,
The hundreds striving to get off, but striving all in vain,

The children, and the helpless babes of every age and
size,
Who added terror to the scene with sharp and fearful
cries,
The women trembling, pale with fright, who knew, alas!
too well,
The weaker sex no mercy claimed from men in league
with hell, —
Will be a sight remembered long, and long on history's
page
The record will be handed down to tell of Yankee rage.

A loud explosion ushered in that long remembered day,
The Depot at the dawn of light in smoldering ruins lay,
A prelude to the tragic act, the dark, infernal plot
Which left upon the Northern name a black, eternal blot.
The clock upon the Market-hall had struck the hour of ten
On Friday, that eventful morn, when entered Sherman's
men.

High o'er a captured city now the "stars and stripes"
they place
To witness scenes of violence, of burning, and disgrace;
A banner that once proudly waved—the standard of the
free—

Now floats above the tyrant's ranks the type of infamy,
To take upon its sullied folds a deeper, darker stain
Than blood of brothers in the cause of holy freedom
slain,

To wave above infernal scenes—fit prototypes of Hell—
And with its colors dyed in crime, a mute approval tell;
A flag that once o'er Washington a hallowed shadow
threw,

When in the cause of liberty his gleaming sword he
drew;
A flag upon whose azure blue the brightest stars that
gleamed
Arose from where the Southern blood in crimson rivers
streamed,
Whose glory fled when 'neath its folds no longer could
we stand,
When first it ceased to wave above a free and happy
land.

The thieving wretches, one and all, their pillage now
began,
Assisted by the officers exalted in command,
Woe to the honest passer-by who carried watch and
chain,
His arguments of prior right were uttered all in vain,
For Yankees ignore all but gold, and no compunctions
feel,
'Tis but the "nature of the beast" to swindle, lie, and
steal;
New boots and shoes, or coats and hats, the same abstrac-
tion shared,
And, all alike, the white and *black*, with gross injustice
fared.
The jeweled hands of maidens fair, were sought, a
brilliant prize,
And sparkling gems were taken off despite of tearful
eyes;
Engagement rings of massive gold, their diamonds and
their pearls,
Now glitter on the brawny hands of saucy Yankee girls,

And Yankee boards are shining now arrayed in silver
plate
Engraven with the honored names of South Carolina's
great.

The relics of ancestral pride, by noble sires left,
Are lost, polluted, sacrificed, to grovelling Yankee theft;
And Yankee cooks and chambermaids, now since the
heartless raid,

Flaunt out in Southern women's lace and elegant brocade;
Disgracing lovely womanhood, ignoring moral law,
They wear, without a blush of shame, their "trophies of
the War."

But 'twere a task impossible to write the endless list,
The articles of precious goods that Southerners have
missed;

We "fell among" inhuman "thieves," suffice it then
to say,

That scarce a vestige of our wealth remains with us
to-day.

Note'en the house of God was spared, the sacramental cup
Was filled with liquor's burning draught for cursed lips
to sup;

The sacred vessels of the church were wrested from his
hand,

As, homeward bound, his steps were turned, the vener-
able Shand.

They plundered on, insatiate fiends, till near the set of
sun,

While Sherman looked serenely on, and whispered,
"boys, well done."

With vengeance written on his brow, and falsehood in
his breast,

He bade our noble, trusting Mayor retire to his rest,
Assured him that a "*finger's breadth*" his men should
never harm,
And told him how unwise his fears, how needless his
alarm.
As well might we with childish faith believe the "Prince
of lies,"
For scarce upon the tainted air his false assertion dies,
When, lo ! the rockets darting high illumine the brow of
night,
The signal bids the restless foe his blazing torches light;
The savage sign thus being given, now bursting to the
skies
The crimson flame of burning homes in rolling volumes
rise.
The doom, the awful, awful doom, we heard the soldiers
tell,
With savage chuckle through their ranks, "*to-night*
we'll give you hell !"
With soaking balls of turpentine, and brands of flick'ring
light,
They ushered in, with eager hand, the horrors of that
night.
A range of burning mountains "raised their flame-capped
heads on high,"
And spouts of melted lava sent their torrents to the sky;
The crumbling walls upon the air with thundering
crashes broke,
As o'er them rose successive clouds of black, terrific
smoke,
The embers floated on the breeze like stars of glowing
light,

And glittered high above the flames upon the vault of
night;
The elements of nature seemed at war with air and sky,
And in convulsive fury swept like avalanches by.
The grandeur of that awful scene no painter can portray,
But graven on the frenzied mind forever will it stay.

Now rocking, with a death-like shock, the ancient State-
House falls,
And buries deep the lore of time beneath her crumbling
walls.
How many reminiscences of other days arise,
Here, once assembled beauty, wealth, the honored and
the wise.
'Twas here the voice of Preston rang with eloquent
appeals,
And battled for that principle that never, never yields;
The mighty Hayne here nobly plead in freedom's holy
cause,
And labored for his country's fame, its happiness and
laws;
McDuffie stirred the people with his blistering words of
fire,
They quailed beneath his strong appeals, the maiden and
the sire;
And here spoke Carolina's son, her noblest, proudest
boon,
Who rocked the Western hemisphere — the eloquent
Calhoun.
Long is the bright, untarnished list of Carolina's great,
But ruined lies her Capitol, the glory of the State.

In deep despair the women rush with madness to and fro,
Receiving naught but taunting words and insult from the
foe;

They strive to rescue from the flames, a relic, but in vain,
A demon grasps the captured prize, and hurls it back
again.

Within a silent chamber now, where burns the lamp-light
pale,

And prayers from anxious watchers rise upon the mid-
night gale,

There rests upon a downy couch, a fragile form so white,
And lying closely by her side, just opening to the light,
Peeps out a tender, little bud, a tiny infant face,

And love, in silence, reigns supreme within that hallowed
place.

The demons rush with curses wild into the darkened
room,

And carry to its inmate fair a sad and fearful doom,
They grasp her thin and trembling hand to seize the
shining rings,

And terror o'er her livid face its ghastly pallor flings,
They seize the watch beneath her head, and with it steal
her breath,

For, lo ! her eyelids gently close into the sleep of death.
Another sufferer, pale and wan, is writhing in her pain,
She begs for mercy of the fiends, but pleads, alas ! in
vain;

With cries of murder on their lips and glaring torch they
came,

And wrapt the drapery of her room in sheets of crimson
flame.

Upon a mattress, rudely borne into the chilling air,
While icy winds are sweeping by, she meekly suffers
there,

And bears, in patient agony, while cursing lips condemn,
What woman, by the "stern decree," had suffered once
for them.

A widow, with her "little all," a bag of meal and flour,
Had sadly watched her earthly store through many a
weary hour,

When, with a brow unknown to shame, a ruffian bore
away

The earnings scant, and pitiful, of many a toilsome day;
He brandished in her mournful face a shining bowie-
knife,

And threatened, as she plead and prayed, to take away
her life.

Nor did the hardened wretches spare the children in
their play;

When closed the night, and dawned in gloom, another
mournful day,

A group of merry little ones caressed a sprightly pet,
A greyhound, with its glossy hair, and sparkling eyes of
jet,

When, passing by, a bandit threw a missile at its head,
And howling, bleeding, at their feet the little dog fell
dead.—

A slow procession on that night, with faces deadly pale,
Around whose fragile figures hung the long black sweep-
ing veil,

The nuns, in silent sorrow, left the holy shrine of prayer,

While o'er their faces, pale as death, was spread a lurid
glare.

With trembling steps they sadly sought the "city of the
dead,"

As from the hot, and crumbling walls, they terror stricken
fled,

And there, 'mid hallowed, sacred dust, 'mid tombstones
cold, and white,

They passed in bitterness of heart that long remembered
night.—

In Sidney Park where once the gay, and happy city
thronged,

There huddled, in promiscuous crowds, the old, the young,
the wronged;

The sick lay fainting on the ground, and to the mothers
clung,

In almost idiotic fright, their babes, and helpless young;
They fancied here a safe retreat from crumbling walls to
find,

But, lo! redoubled horrors break upon the frenzied mind,
When hot, into their ghastly midst with darting speed
there falls,

Hurled wildly from the heights around, the flashing, fiery
balls.—

But there are crimes, far blacker still, too base alas! to
tell,

Too vile to e'en escape the lips, too near allied to hell,
To contemplate would cause a blush on woman's cheek
to burn,

The thoughts of such infernal deeds her purity would
spurn.—

But night removed her sombre veil, and morning came
at last;

Like maniacs the people stood, and thought upon the past,
It seemed a wild, excited dream, a vapor of the brain,
Too awful for reality, too fraught with mad'ning pain;
But weary limbs, and aching feet, as shelterless they
roam,

Remind the wanderers, pale and faint, they have, alas!
no home.—

Ah! who can paint the shocking scene, the desolation
wild,

The black despair that reigned supreme where happiness
once smiled.—

The sun revealed a languid ray of sympathetic light,
As though his soul had sickened o'er the horrors of the
night,

He would not cast a radiant smile into the face of gloom,
Or mock the dismal soul that mourned its sudden, awful
doom;

His brightest smiles were far too bright in golden light
to fall

Upon the frowning ruins there, the black and tottering
wall.—

But o'er such scenes of blood and wreck my weary Muse
grows faint,

No longer would she human crimes, and human sorrows
paint;

Nor would she peer beyond the stage o'er which the cur-
tain falls,

The act behind congeals the blood, the tragedy appals.
A glance upon the outer screen is all she dare bestow,

Where only types of monstrous crimes in fainter outlines
glow.—

So sad and awful are the scenes, whose traces cannot die,
The ruling spirit of the wreck would fain his work deny;
When devils that possessed his soul upon that awful night,
By softer feelings of the heart are put again to flight,
With human eye he views the deed, in terror stands
aghast,

And on the name of Hampton brave, the fearful blame
would cast.—

Thorns fester in the Southern heart, and do you ask me
why?

Time cannot teach forgetfulness; the *past* can *never* die.

RELIGIOUS POEMS;

OR,

VISIONS

OF

The "Unseen World."

"Then woke
Stirrings of deep, deep Divinity within,
And, like the flickerings of a smouldering flame
Yearnings of a hereafter. Thou it was,
When the world's din, and passion's voice was still,
Calling the wanderer Home."

WILLIAMS.

"O Paradise, O Paradise!
Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek that happy land
Where they that loved are blest?
Where royal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight."

FABER.



A DELUSION.

OH! tell me not, the Gospel
Is a fallacy, a dream,
Ye friends of infidelity,
Though earnest ye may seem;

Oh! give me something better
For this longing heart of mine,
If Jesus, and His promises,
Are not of truth divine.

I love the sweet "delusion,"
If delusion it may be,
No other dream has ever brought
Such happiness to me;

No other hope hath ever hushed
That haunting dread of death,
Then tell me not, its potency
Must vanish with my breath.

I love the sweet "delusion,"
I have clung to it for years;
It brings me consolation
In the midst of grief and tears.

Oh! let me die "*deluded*" then,
Take not mine only stay;

Without that "*Ignis-Fatuus*,"
There's darkness all the way.

Oh! tell me not, ye infidels,
I'm dreaming, I am "mad,"
If mine hath naught of happiness,
Your doom is far more sad;

Dispel it not, the glorious dream,
But let me cling the more,
As buoyed o'er the rolling waves,
I near the other shore.

Oh! awake me not, ye sceptics,
Ere I cross the narrow stream,
For, if it is a vision,
Then forever shall I dream.

"GOD FORBID THAT I SHOULD GLORY."

GOD forbid that I should glory
In the fleeting things of earth;
In its joys, or in its riches,
In its fame, or noble birth;
May I never prize, or count them
Aught but vanity, and dross;
God forbid that I should glory,
Save in Thee, and in the "*Cross!*"

When my life seems bright and hopeful
'Neath the light of Fortune's smile,
Let not transient glare and glitter
E'er my trusting heart beguile;
May I deem my gold and treasure
Naught but vanity, and dross;
God forbid that I should glory,
Save in Thee, and in the "*Cross!*"

If around me friends should gather,
And their homage should be mine,
Let me not forget a moment
That the glory all is Thine;
Let me not lose sight of Heaven,
Lest my soul should suffer loss;
God forbid that I should glory,
Save in Thee, and in the "*Cross!*"

Still, through life, whate'er betides me
Let no hope, no joy, or love,
E'er divide my heart's affections,
Or estrange it from above.
All that's earthly let it vanish
Into nothingness and dross,
God forbid that I should glory,
Save in Thee, and in the "*Cross!*"

LOST IN SIGHT OF HOME.

LONG upon the stormy ocean,
 Sailing in majestic pride,
 Had she stemmed its wild commotion,
 Roughly rocked from side to side.

Many a friendly sail had greeted,
 With her pennants floating free,
 As she homeward-bound was gliding
 O'er the bosom of the sea;

But in sight of home, and loved ones,
 Nearing now the sunny shore,
 Deep she sinks beneath the waters
 'Mid the ocean's ceaseless roar.—

Thus, in sight of Calvary's summit,
 Near the Cross, its crimson stain,
 Reckless sinners often perish
 Like that vessel on the main.

End the voyage of life all hopeless,
 Where the Gospel's beacon light
 On the shore is ever gleaming
 Through the darkness of the night.

While the great eternal city
 Almost breaks upon their sight,

Tempest tossed, and weary sinners
Sink beneath the waves of night.

Lost in sight of Heav'n, and "loved ones,"
With the "great Salvation" nigh,
Sinners oft "neglect" the Gospel,
Sink beneath the waves, and die.

"*THY WILL BE DONE.*"

"**T**HY will be done", Oh, may I ever say,
Though strange to me may seem Thy chosen
way;
Though clouds may gather o'er mine earthly sky,
Oh God! forbid that I should ask Thee why;

Or, in my blindness, doubt thy love and power,
Though sorrows crowd into each day and hour;
Though oft my heart may sicken and grow faint,
Oh God, forbid a murmur, or complaint.

Let me still trust Thee in the darkest hour,
And take, as from Thine hand, the thorn or flower;
Oh, let me not alone, when life is bright,
Yield to Thy will and feel that all is right.

And, as in life, so in the dying hour,
Still let me feel Thy love, Thy grace and power;
When sets, to rise no more, my latest sun,
Oh, may I say as now, "Thy will be done!"

WORK ON.

WORK on, work on, in faith work on,
Let doubt ne'er turn thy steps aside,
For though thy works may seem in vain,
The Lord hath said they shall abide;

Yes, all that's wrought through faith in Him,
Though weak and small the service be,
Shall bear the fiery test of time,
And stand through all eternity.

Though, after weary labors here,
No fruits, on earth, should meet thine eyes,
Be not discouraged, labor on,
They ripen now beyond the skies;

And e'en the glintings from thy crown
Would dazzle now thy longing eyes,
It glitters with unnumbered stars
In that bright realm beyond the skies.

Oh, burdened, faint, but faithful soul,
Thou who hast heard the Master's call,
And rendered, with a cheerful heart,
Thy service weak, thy "little all,"

How great will be thy glad surprise,
When gems shall glitter on thy brow,

A rich reward for service wrought
That seems to thee so worthless now !

While those, alas ! whose wondrous deeds
Have gained from man such great renown,
May share our Saviour's just reproof,
A small reward: a "starless crown."

SAVE THE PENNIES.

Delivered on the Eighth Anniversary of the Sabbath School Missionary Society of Grace M. E. Church, Baltimore, Md.

METHINKS I see an angel
From the realms of love and light;
He gazes on this cheering scene,
He lingers here to-night;

He smiles upon these "little ones,"
This bright and hopeful band,
Who bring their sacred offerings
To cheer a heathen land.

His shining way, in joyous haste,
Methinks he'll soon retrace,
And bear beyond the glittering stars
This glad'ning news from "Grace;"

He hovers o'er the loving gift,
He droops his "snowy wings,"
To count each bright and shining coin
That Innocence here brings;

He notes in each a sacrifice,
And stamps a blessing there,
Which ever, through eternity,
The little coin shall bear;

He sees where self hath been denied,
 And where each little heart
 Has sometimes found it hard, indeed,
 With treasures thus to part;

Where some, constrained by sympathy,
 Have given up their toys,
 To bear the heathen, bound in chains,
 Bright and eternal joys.

Each pitying tear he'll crystalize,
 He'll turn into a gem,
 And place it, with a kindly hand,
 Upon their diadem.

Yes, nothing's lost, dear "little ones,"
 That's given to the Lord,
 Eternity, in sacred trust,
 Shall keep your just reward.

Then falter not; work on, work on,
 Let time ne'er cool your zeal,
 And O, what great, what grand results,
 The future shall reveal!

Oh, lay them up, each penny save,
 Each silver coin, so bright,
 And send them from this favored land,
 This land of gospel light,

To that far shore of dark despair
 Where light begins to gleam;
 Where burdened souls, in ignorance,
 Cling to a fatal dream.

And you, ye men and women,
Who have known a Saviour's love,
Let not these boys and girls, *alone*,
Their faith by works still prove;

But aid the great, the glorious cause,
Each chance for good embrace,
And write in gold, on Heaven's dome
The shining name of "*Grace!*"

GLITTERING CROWNS.

GLITTERING crowns will shine on the heads
That are aching so heavily now;
Light from their jewels, all flashing and bright,
Shall darkness dispel from the brow;

Golden streets shall be trod by the feet
That are plodding so languidly now;
Not ever, 'neath "burdens" so grievously "borne,"
Shall the pilgrim so wearily bow;

Golden harps shall be swept by the hands
That are toiling so wearily now;
Music will float from their silvery strings,
While zephyrs are fanning the brow;

Glittering crowns, dazzling crowns,
Oh! yes, all the ransomed shall wear;
Robes of immaculate white shall they have,
And palms in their hands shall they bear.

Starless, 'tis true, will some diadems be,
But crownless no head shall appear,
When cometh Messiah, in glory and might,
His "jewels" to gather up here.

"HE LEADETH ME."

"HE leadeth me;" yes, this I know,
As on, and ever on I go,
Through paths so winding, and so rough,
My timid heart oft cries enough,
And fain would stop upon the way,
So strange the road, so dark the day.

"He leadeth me;" yes, this I know,
And though my tears may often flow,
Some day, beyond these frowning skies,
He'll gently wipe them from mine eyes;
And so, in hope, I cease to sigh,
And fondly dream of "by and by."

"He leadeth me;" yes, this I know,
And ever on by faith I go,
Though not a step ahead I see,
And all seems dark, dark, dark to me;
I know that somewhere from the sky,
There beameth down his pitying eye.

Oh! yes, He's near; I know there's light
While thus I walk by faith, not sight;
Though hidden from my blinded eyes,
His glory shineth from the skies;
I know, some time, in joyous praise,
Must end these dark, mysterious days.

"He leadeth me," and on I go;
But not where silvery streamlets flow,
Nor by the glassy "waters" "still,"
Where flowers bloom, and sweetly fill
With fragrance all the balmy air,
Where life is beautiful and fair;

But over steeps so rough I go,
I scarcely dare to look below.
I lie not down in "pastures" "green;"
Perhaps in mercy He hath seen
That grief and toil for me are best,
Nor lets me on my pathway rest;

And yet, He doth my soul restore,
For, when my heart can bear no more,
He bids the raging tempest cease;
Then, for a season, cometh peace,
While on the Sheperd's arm I lean,
Through dangers hid, and dangers seen.

It matters not how rough the road
That leadeth to that blest abode;
I know that some day, soon or late,
My feet shall reach the golden gate;
I'll enter where there's no more "night,"
That city of eternal light.

THE WORLD.

THIS is a world of sorrow,
Unknown to worlds above,
For there each coming morrow
Dawns on a realm of love.

This is a world of anguish,
Unknown to worlds above,
For there no beings languish
Of unrequited love.

This is a world of sighing,
Unknown to worlds above,
For there no mortals dying
Implore "redeeming love."

This is a world of weeping,
Unknown to worlds above,
For there there's no long sleeping
Of those who shared our love.

This is a world of trials,
Unknown to worlds above,
For there no harsh denials
Our wounded spirits move.

This is a world of changes,
Ne'er wrought in worlds above,

There nothing false estranges
From God's eternal love.

No sorrow, sighing, weeping,
We'll ever know above;
When ends our last, long sleeping,
We'll 'wake in worlds of love.

AN APPEAL FOR THE WOMEN OF JAPAN.

"O women of my country! will ye not bestir yourselves to give these humiliated wives the gospel, to which you owe all your elevation and refinement? One-half the money spent by the women of the Southern Methodist Church for gewgaws would support a hundred missionaries in Japan."

BISHOP MARVIN.

O women of my country!
With happy homes so bright;
Where gilded Bibles ever shed
Their amber, mellow light;
Incased in costly bindings,
With their clasps of massive gold,
And lying oft neglected
In their rich, artistic mould:

Think how a single volume
From thine own abundant store,
Would dispel the shades of darkness
Which enshroud a heathen shore,
And radiate its brightness,
Like the "glintings from a crown,"
Revealing where the "King of kings"
In "pardoning love" is found!

O women of my country!
There are those in galling chains,
Like beasts of burden, forced to toil

In Japanese domains,
Who to a common sisterhood
By rights divine belong,
And touchingly appeal to us
To free them of their wrong.

O can you not some flashing gem,
Some shining trinket spare,
To send a messenger from God
With gospel tidings there,
To cheer the burdened hearts of those
With natures so like thine;
Yet on whose cheeks, less pink and fair,
The olive shades recline !

O women of my country !
How the cost of misty lace
Would hide the sins of human hearts
In veils of heavenly grace !
O how the light of jewels,
As they blaze with dazzling glare,
Would drive Sintoonian darkness
From the regions of despair !

And tell to heathen nations
How the Christian's native pride,
Lost in the love of Jesus,
For His creatures will provide.—
Ah ! yes, the Sinto goddess
Would reward you with a "smile,"
Were Bible "beauties" "mirrored"
At her altars all the while.

O women of my country !
Let us heed their piteous cry,
As o'er the waves on spicy breeze
'Tis ever wafted nigh.
O let us not, in princely homes,
Illumed with gospel light,
Forget we have a sisterhood
Chained in Egyptian night !

O let us not devote our lives
To serve luxurious ease,
Forgetful of the starving souls
Beyond the distant seas;
Nor longer from their blinded eyes
The light of life withhold;
But give, in Christian sympathy,
Our *tears*, our *prayers*, our *gold* !

THE UNCHANGED CROSS.

—
THERE'S a change on the sorrowful brow of Night,
When the Moon, with her lips of silvery light,
Kisses away all the shadows of gloom,
Till the night-king smiles like a joyous groom.
There's a change on the brow of the beautiful maid,
Where roses and lilies in rivalry laid,
When Time, with caresses of withering deceit,
Leaves wrinkles and frowns in her stealthy retreat.
There are changes in you, there are changes in me,
There are changes in all that we hear of or see,
Save in the Cross of Calvary.

There are changes in Nature's oft whimsical face,
She shifts in her moods with a coquettish grace,
When she smiles through her sunbeams and weeps through
her showers,
And frowns through the storm-clouds which heavily
lowers.

There's a change in the face of the innocent child,
As he roves through the meadows, in ecstasy wild;
He weeps and he smiles in his frolicsome play,
One moment so sad, and the next one so gay.
There are changes in you, there are changes in me,
There are changes in all that we hear of or see,
Save in the Cross of Calvary.

There are changes in nations, in sceptres and crowns,
In laws and their makers, in cities and towns;

In our bright gilded joys, so unreal and so few,
And sorrows, so many—a change in them, too;
There are changes in friends, there are turnings in foes,
For naught that is earthly inherits repose;
And could we the heavens' deep mysteries unfold,
The very same tale by the stars would be told.
There are changes in you, there are changes in me,
There are changes in all that we hear of or see,
Save in the Cross of Calvary.

No change in the Cross; ever firm hath it stood,
Since He cried, "It is finished," and stained it with
blood;
Nor time shall affect it, nor tempest, nor snows,
Nor the lightning of malice, or thunder of foes;
Firm, firm on the "rock of all ages" it stands,
While the light from its summit illumines all lands.
Oh, ne'er will it shake 'neath the sinner's great load,
But firm will it stand, as it ever hath stood!
There are changes in you, there are changes in me,
There are changes in all that we hear of or see,
Save in the Cross of Calvary.

I'M THINKING OF THEE.

(Sung to the air of "Lorena".)

I'M thinking of Thee now, my Saviour,
Of all that Thou hast done for me,
And what I might have been, my Saviour,
Had'st thou not died on Calvary;
I'm thinking too how long I trampled
Upon the off'rings of Thy love;
How, in my search for earthly treasures,
I scarcely turned mine eyes above.

As wanderers through meadows blooming,
Crush violets beneath their feet,
Unmindful of thy heedless footsteps,
Till greeted by their fragrance sweet,
So, ever on Thy golden blessings,
Which bloomed like daisies o'er my path,
I danced with tread so light and careless,
Nor saw the clouds of gathering wrath;

Till sweetness, like the breath of violets,
Borne on soft zephyrs from above,
Was wafted down from Calvary's mountain,
All laden with Thy melting love;
My heart was touched, so long unconscious,
And moved with Thine inspiring breath,
So cold, and once so dead and helpless,
I'm *living* now upon Thy *death*.

THE REDEEMER'S NAME.

(Sung to the air "The Remembered Name".

"**T**HY Name," so full of music now,
Ere pardoning love was found,
Though spoken often by my lips,
Was but an empty sound;
My heart was filled with other names,
I saw no charms in Thine,
Though musical to other ears,
It coldly fell on mine:

But now, "Thy Name," Thy precious "Name"
My peaceful bosom fills,
Like music floating soft and sweet
From rippling crystal rills,
Which ever mingles with their flow
Above the gliding tide,
And tells me of a "crimson stream"
Once opened in Thy side.

"Thy Name," "Thy Name," Thy precious
"Name,"
Than life more dear to me,
Without its soul-illuming power
How dark this world would be!
How like some lone and tattered sail
Upon a boundless sea,

I'd ever drift to ruin on,
If anchored not to Thee !

"Long years, long years" may pass "away,"
And "altered" be my "brow,"
But still "Thy Name," Thy precious "Name,"
Will cheer my heart as now,
And linger on my dying lips,
Till past the bounds of time,
I rise to chant it ever more,
In Heavenly strains sublime.

REPININGS.

AH! what is it within my breast
That banishes repose,
That tells me to forget my joys,
And treasure up my woes;

That bids me gather from my past,
The hopes that withered lie,
Like flowers pressed between the leaves
Of volumes long laid by?

Ah! what is it that bids me paint
So dark my future's sky,
That tells me joys can never live,
That sorrows never die;

That stirs the fountain of my soul,
And makes me shed a tear
Upon some grief I'll never know,
But ever fancied near?

Ah! what is it that magnifies
The trifles of my life,
And gives them power to keep within
A never-ending strife;

That often makes me weep and sigh,
But seldom bids me smile,

That sees in life so little good,
And yet so much that's vile?

Go search, my heart, the sacred page,
And learn the reason why,
That "*man was born to trouble*,"
As the "sparks" do upward fly.

REDEMPTION.

Composed, by request, for the Choir of Central M. E. Church,
South Baltimore. Sung to the air of Juanita (pronounced Waneta.)

DARK o'er our nature
Lingering falls primeval gloom;
Once, in the morning
Of creation's bloom,
Man was pure and holy;
But he sinned, nor life esteemed,
God devised atonement,
Man hath been redeemed.

CHORUS.

Redemption, redemption,
Let the echo reach the skies!
Redemption, redemption,
God to none denies.

Oh! dying sinner,
Hast thou heard how Jesus came,
Opening a fountain,
Cleansing all the same;
How it flowed so freely,
How it ever since hath streamed?
In its tide of crimson,
Man hath been redeemed.
Redemption, redemption,
Let the echo reach the skies!

Redemption, redemption,
God to none denies.

“Soft o’er the fountain”
Shines the light of Bethlehem’s star,
And o’er the “mountain”
Streams its rays afar;
In thy blindness, sinner,
Has its light unheeded gleamed,
Hast thy soul forgotten
Man hath been redeemed?
Redemption, redemption,
Let the echo reach the skies !
Redemption, redemption,
God to none denies.

TWO SIDES—CHRIST AND SELF.

LOOK on the bright side, and there we may see,
Glory, and life, and salvation, all free,
Christ, with His promises blessed and true,
Looming like mountains, sublime, to our view.

Look on the dark side, and ever we see
Self, sin, and corruption, from which we would flee,
Shortcomings and failures, which crowd in each day,
And fill us with doubtings, with care, and dismay.

Then look, ever more, on the side that is bright,
And steadily gaze on the Source of all light,
For the Bible assures us we'll suffer no loss,
With the eye ever *fixed* on the wonderful *Cross*.

PAUSE AND PONDER.

—

EARTH-BORN traveler, pause a moment,
Listen to that steady tramp
O'er the stones so rough and rugged;
O'er the street so cold and damp.
Hark! it is a long procession,
And it slowly cometh near;
Child of sorrow, pause in silence,
Is it not the sable bier?
Earth-born traveler, stop a moment!
Ere it is too late—too late;
Let me beg you pause, and ponder
On the future state.

Hush thy prattle, cease thy smiling,
Turn aside thy busy feet:
Look, and heed this dismal warning
Ever passing on the street.
See it waving, softly, silent,
Look upon the shining plume,
Does it, in its jetty blackness,
Symbolize thy darker doom?
Earth-born traveler, stop a moment,
Ere it is too late—too late;
Let me beg you pause and ponder
On the future state.

See the pall with fringe so massive,
Blacker than Plutonian night,

As it lies in folds so heavy,
O'er the coffin plated bright:
Will a veil as black and weighty,
Hide thy form from human sight,
Cover o'er thy tinsel'd nature,
Shroud thy soul from God and light?
Earth-born traveler, stop a moment,
Ere it is too late—too late,
Let me beg you pause, and ponder
On thy future state.

Stop a moment! though impatient,
See the train, it nears the gate
Of a "city" where the sleepers
Lie so still, and wait, and wait;
Where the chiselled marble statues,
Cold as death, though white and fair,
Keep all motionless their vigils,
Chilling e'en the ambient air;
Will thy slumbers be molested
By his damp and freezing breath,
When you sojourn in this "city,"
In the icy arms of Death?
Earth-born traveler, stop a moment,
Ere it is too late—too late;
Let me beg you pause, and ponder
On thy future state.

HOMELESS.

HOMELESS wanderer, lone and weary,
As you tread the streets of stone,
Through the cold and rain so dreary,
With no foot of land your own,

Strolling through the crowded city,
Where the heartless thousands tread,
Yearning for a look of pity,
Begging for your daily bread;

Homeless wanderer, look above you,
Far beyond the azure dome,
Look through Faith's "all seeing" vision,
And behold a princely home;

See a mansion whose foundation
Like the "rock of ages" stands,
Perfect in its vast proportions,
Not the work of human hands;

Rising, in its grand dimensions,
High above the dizzy gaze,
Gorgeous in its build and finish,
Wrapped in splendor's dazzling blaze;

Feeling not the shock of ages,
Which no human work defies,

Made and fixed by the "Great Builder,"
Firm, eternal, in the skies;

Look above, Oh! homeless wanderer,
And this stately mansion claim,
For the title, stained with crimson,
Bears the impress of thy name.

Covet not the rich man's dwelling,
As all shelterless you roam,
Turn not from the path that leads you
To your own celestial home.

HOW TOMMY GOT HIS THANKSGIVING
DINNER,
OR, THE SIMPLICITY OF FAITH.

The following touching incident was related to me of a little nephew, only eight years of age, and contains valuable suggestions for "children of larger growth."

I HAVE a simple story,
But its moral is sublime,
And worthy of an honored place
Upon the page of time;

For Oh, what valued lessons
May we learn from little things,
What great and mighty rivers
Have been traced to tiny springs.—

Our story runs as follows:
It was on Thanksgiving's eve,
Mamma had told the children
Some news that made them grieve;

She said her health was feeble,
So she'd have no great display
Of turkeys, fine and puddings rich,
Upon Thanksgiving's day.

Poor Tommy heard the doleful news
With feelings of dismay,

And o'er the matter grave, and great,
Determined he would pray.—

Next morning, with a face all bright
With innocence and glee,
He said, "I'll get my dinner sure,
I want you all to see!"

Some hours passed, when mamma's voice
Was heard above the noise
Which rang so loudly through the house,
The shouts of romping boys;

Who'll run an errand up the street,
And take this pattern home?
Scarcely had she spoken all the words
When, hat in hand, came Tom.

Away he went to Mrs. Gibbons';
Lo! what was his surprise,
A table filled with dainties rare
Now met his wondering eyes,

And as the lady, kind and good,
Invited him to eat,
He felt that *God had heard his prayer*,
And given him the treat.

WAITING.

WAITING, longing, looking ever—
Looking for we know not what,
Hoping that each coming morrow
May reveal a happier lot.

Ever conscious of our folly,
Yet as guilty as before,
Still deceived, yet still pursuing
Gilded phantoms all the more.

Putting off each noble action
To a more propitious time;
Waiting for the favored future
Still, to "make our lives sublime."

Scorning both the past and present,
Living for the morrow still,
While the cup, ne'er running over,
Day by day with sorrows fill.

Thus through life will Hope beguile us;
Ever the immortal soul
Bids us press into the future
To the bright, delusive goal.

Ever will our longings haunt us,
Till our morrows cease to dawn,

And there breaks upon our vision
Glimpses of that brighter morn,

Which shall usher in, all glorious,
That sublime, eternal day,
When the restless, longing spirit
Leaves its prison-house of clay.

MY SAVIOUR.

WHO came and "bought" me "with a
price,"

And paid on earth the sacrifice
Of God's own infinite device?
My Saviour.

He kindly to my rescue ran,
And laid redemption's wondrous plan,
Ere earth was formed or time began,
My Saviour.

Who found me naked, sick, and sore,
And covered all my bruises o'er
With his own robe of righteousness?
My Saviour.

Who found me blind, and gave me sight,
And chased away the shades of night,
And made my gloomy life all bright?
My Saviour.

He says He'll ever be my stay,
And guide me on life's weary way,
And cheer me through each coming day.
My Saviour.

Who found me when forever lost,
With nothing good of which to boast,

And saved me at so great a cost?
My Saviour.

Then who should claim my every thought,
And every act of service wrought,
Who thus my precious soul hath bought?
My Saviour.

And who'll be mine through endless years,
And from mine eyes who'll "wipe all tears,"
And take me to celestial spheres?
My Saviour.

"OH, TELL IT TO ME RIGHT, MAMMA."

OH! tell it to me right, mamma,
I must have said it wrong,
For God, you say, will hear my prayer,
It matters not how long;

I told Him all my troubles o'er
Upon my bended knee,
And yet, He did not seem to hear;
The fault must be in me.

Oh! put your hand upon my head,
And tell me what to say,
I'm such a little boy, mamma,
I don't know how to pray.

'Twas thus he came, as evening shades
Where gathering o'er the sky,
And in his sweet, but simple words,
What valued lessons lie.—

Oh! teach it to us right, dear Lord,
We must have said it wrong,
When answers to our daily prayers
Are oft delayed so long;

For helpless children, in Thy sight,
Oh! must we ever be,

As ignorant as infant ones,
Who lisp a prayer to Thee.

Oh! put Thy hand upon our heads,
And teach us what to say,
For are we not Thy "*little ones*,"
Who know not how to pray?

* Little Charlie, having frequently prayed in secret without receiving an answer to his prayer, came to me, before retiring, and bowing at my knee, in great despondency, said, "Oh, tell it to me right, mamma."

TO THE WORLD.

FAREWELL, vain world of sorrow,
I have worshipped thee too long;
I have mingled with the gayest
Of thy busy, changing throng;
I have sought from thee to borrow
Some bright and lasting joys,
But scarcely have possessed them
Ere I've found them fading toys.

Thou hast ever proved unfaithful
In thy promises of bliss,
And when I've blindly trusted,
You've "betrayed" me with a "kiss;"
Then adieu, thou base deceiver,
Tho' so fair to human eyes,
In the light of inspiration,
I've discovered thy disguise.

I forsake thee for another,
And my heart's no longer thine;
I have giv'n it to my Saviour,
And have taken Him as mine.
Farewell, false world, forever,
With thy vanity and dross,
No longer can I love thee,
I have left thee for the Cross.

TEMPERANCE POEMS;

OR,

SPARKLING DROPS

FROM A

Crystal Fountain.

“Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright.

At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.”

SOLOMON.

TEMPERANCE POEMS;

OR,

SPARKLING DROPS

FROM A

Crystal Fountain.

“Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright.

At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.”

SOLOMON.

OH! FORM NOT THE HABIT.

Dedicated to Gordon Council No. 250.; United Friends of Temperance, Savannah, Ga.

O II! form not the habit, the chain is ne'er riven
Except by a power thal cometh from Heaven;
Though formed link by link, drop by drop of the wine,
So easily welded by efforts of thine,
Only God, in His mercy, can sunder the ties,
And clear the dim mist from thy "blood-shotten" eyes.

Oh! form not the habit; the Tempter will say
Sweet things to allure, to beguile thee away;
She'll tell thee, the goblet is sparkling and bright,
But say naught of "adders," their venomous "bite;"
She'll speak of the roses of health it will bring,
But nothing will say of the "*serpents*" that "*sting*."

Though coiled at the bottom, all hid from thy sight,
Is the viper so dark, 'neath the surface so bright,
She'll beg thee to drink till his fang hath struck deep;
Her vigils no longer she'll then stay to keep,
For well doth she know that her victim is bound
With a fiery cable, wrapt tightly around.

Oh! form not the habit, go not to the brink,
That were easier far than to rise when we sink;
'Twere easier now, happy youth, to say *no*,
Than to rise from the depths of unspeakable woe;

'Twere easier far to win laurels of fame,
Than to wipe the dark stains from a once tarnished name.

Oh ! form not the habit; the drunkard's dark grave
Oft is reached while he cries: "*I am free, not a slave !*"

And the echo comes back, like the tide of the sea,

"*A drunkard, no never, no ne'er shall I be !*"

He cries: "*I can break,*" while he *rivets* the chain,
And sinks 'neath his fetters to rise not again.

Oh ! "touch not" or "handle;" Oh ! "taste not" the
wine,

Though its rubies, its beads, and its diamonds may shine;

They glitter to light up the same thorny way,

That hath ever led others from virtue away.—

Oh ! form not the habit; the chain is ne'er riven,
Except by a power that *cometh* from Heaven.

"NO CHRISTMAS FOR POOR LITTLE
WILLIE."

THEY tell me that Christmas is coming,
Shop windows are charming to see,
And the children, wherever I meet them,
Are smiling, and dancing with glee;
They say that "Old Santy" will bring them
Such "gooddies," and beautiful toys,
If they'll only wait patiently for him,
And try to be good little boys;
But ah! there's no Christmas for Willie,
Alas! it must ever be so,
We've only starvation and tatters,
For father's a *drunkard*, you know.

They say that "Old Santy" can find them,
It matters not where they may be,
But, I'm sure, he's forgotten the hovel.
For alas! he has never found me;
I've tried to be good and obliging,
In hopes that some Christmas he'd come
With "lots" of his beautiful presents,
To brighten our desolate home;
I've hung up my "stocking," like others,
What a shame he has slighted me so;
But perhaps, he belongs to the "*Temperance*;"
And father's a *drunkard* you know,

They say 'tis the birthday of Jesus,
That Christmas He came upon earth,
And hence all the churches are opened,
And ringing with music and mirth.
How oft have I peeped through the windows
To see the festooning of green,
And dodged out of sight, in a moment,
Lest my tatters and rags should be seen.
There's a charm about Christmas-day churches,
But in them I never can go,
I'm always too shabby and ragged,
For father's a *drunkard*, you know.

They say that the Saviour has risen,
And lives in the beautiful skies;
Oh! does He not look on my sorrows,
And view me with pitying eyes—
Oh! will he forget me like "Santy,"
Who passes my rickety door,
Because I'm the child of a drunkard,
Because I am ragged and poor?
Oh! take me, kind Saviour, to Heaven,
I'm weary, and longing to go;
My life is so dark and so dreary,
For father's a *drunkard*, you know.

FUTURE DRUNKARDS..

THE rosy, merry little boys,
Who play around our knee,
Must make the poor inebriates,
If drunkards there *must* be.

Some mother's little blue-eyed babe,
So full of childish glee,
Must reel, in future, on the streets,
If drunkards there *must* be.

If Bacchus still must reign supreme,
How sad the thought to me,
That boys shall worship at his shrine,
If drunkards there *must* be.

His victims, like the autumn leaves,
Or passing shadows, flee;
The drunkard of the present day
Shall soon no longer be;

Then who shall still prolong his reign
When they have passed away,
If not our smiling little babes,
The boys of our day?

Oh! let us guard our darling boys,
From vicious habits free,
And now, with resolution, say
That drunkards shall not be.

“ONLY A GENTLEMAN DRINKER.”

“ONLY a gentleman drinker,”
So jovial, so witty, so gay,
Was he who now lies in the gutter,
The pitiable sot of to-day;

Once the admired and flattered,
The life of the banquet and ball;
Now but an oncast, forsaken,
Now shunned and derided by all.

Companions who formerly toasted,
And often accepted his treat,
Now, as they see him approaching,
Cross hurriedly over the street.

A “gentleman drinker” no longer,
How different indeed is his lot;
The friends who smiled kindly upon him,
Now frown at the miserable sot.

“Only a gentleman drinker,”
Remember, ye tipplers, I pray,
That the gentleman sooner or later
Must certainly forfeit his sway,

For the demon, supreme, of the wine-cup
Must rule, if encouraged at all,

And manhood, despite of resistance,
Must yield to the tyrant—must fall.

Then beware, Oh ye fashionable drinkers,
Take warning, and stop while you may,
For only a "*gentleman drinker*"
Was the staggering sot of to-day.

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“NO WINE HEREAFTER AT THE WHITE
HOUSE.”

Respectfully Dedicated to Mrs. Rutherford B. Hayes, wife of the President of the United States; and suggested by the following article from the Baltimore Sun: “Washington dispatches state, that before the state dinner to the Russian visitors on Thursday, there was a domestic cabinet meeting over the wine question, Mrs. Hayes being opposed to having spirits upon her table, but she yielded upon that occasion to the argument of Secretary Evarts, who was of the opinion that the foreigners were accustomed to dine with wine, and would not enjoy the dinner without it. Mrs. Hayes yielded a reluctant consent, with the understanding that hereafter no wine should be served at state dinners. It was noticed that no wine-glasses were placed at the plates of either the President or Mrs. Hayes. Another dispatch states that Mrs. Hayes reluctantly consented that wine should be provided for the rest of the guests, but she positively informed Col. Casey, who is commissioner of public buildings and grounds in place of Gen. Babcock, and who will have charge of all state occasions at the White House, that hereafter, when *Citizens of the United States* are entertained at the White House, the arrangements must be made to exclude wine.”

MAJESTIC Goddess! with poetic fire
Inspire my heart, attune my golden lyre
To sing of her, with mission so divine,
Whose voice is raised against delusive wine!

Who, in her moral grandeur rising high,
Conscious of right, ignores the World's fixed eye,
And wields that fearful power, O woman thine!
Against the crimson bowl, the sparkling wine.

From Bacchus, coldly turning with a frown,
No longer at his shrine she boweth down,
Nor his dishonored brow with garlands twine,
She spurns his gilded cup; the treach'rous wine.

Forever hence his presence is denied,
Whilst she, in woman's purity and pride,
With queenly grace presides where statesmen dine,
As honored guests, without the burning wine.

A Nation's destiny shall brighter grow,
While woman thus commands the deadly foe;
Justice, virtue, moderation, truth shall shine,
Unclouded by the fumes of dizzy wine.—

O send the "fiat" on the balmy gale!
Go tell through every land the glad'ning tale;
O say to foreigners, who prize the vine,
America henceforth discardeth wine!

Henceforth, the *monster evil* of the day,
In scarlet robes, in purple fine array,
No more at festive boards, in gems shall shine;
The White-House ever more hath banished wine.

Let reeling Fashion in derision smile,
No longer shall her siren songs beguile;
Clear heads must govern, lest our "star" decline;
A nation totters 'neath the rule of wine.—

Rise, honored Eagle, spread thy shining wings,
Bring cooling draughts from pure and crystal springs;

A brighter era dawns, no longer pine,
Fair woman's edict hath abolished wine.

O woman, from this great, this favored hour,
Rise in thy wonderful, magnetic power;
With her, who thus hath led, thy strength combine,
And from our beauteous land, O, banish wine!

THE DEPTH OF WOE.

WHEN Death steals on with silent tread,
From mystic realms of gloom,
And blights, with shadows from his face,
A bud in nascent bloom,

The mother gazes on her flower,
All withered by his breath,
And thinks the heaviest stroke in life
Is dealt by cruel Death;

She sorrows o'er a faded hope,
But ah! she does not know
The greatest anguish of the heart,
The depth of human woe.—

When manhood marks the fair young face,
Deposing childhood's claims,
And intellect beams from the eye
Like scintillating flames,

If then her Pride should sink his soul
'Neath wine's red, sparkling flow,
The heart hath felt the keenest pang,
The depth of human woe.—

The wife may give her only stay,
Her country's rights to save,

And see the partner of her joys
Laid in a soldier's grave,

Or watch the eye as gaunt disease
Upon his vitals seize,
And mark the never failing signs
Of death, by slow degrees;

Alas! the grief of widowhood
Her lonely heart may know,
And yet she hath not measured all
The depth of human woe;

But when the idol of her soul,
Who promised once to love,
Forgets, alas! the sacred vow
That's registered above,

And leaves her lone and desolate
To seek the "crimson bowl,"
Which throws a flush upon his cheek,
And shadows o'er her soul;

When whispered warnings of disgrace,
Of wounded love and pride,
Wring from her lips the piteous cry,
"Oh! would to God, I'd died;"

'Tis then she sounds the dark abyss
As deep as grief can go,
And drinks the deadly poison
From the *depth of human woe.*

"NO WHISKEY IN HEAVEN."

This poem is respectfully dedicated to the Women's National Temperance Union, having been suggested by the following touching incident related by Mrs. Yeomans, of Canada, during their Convention in Baltimore: A little girl, whose mother had gone before her to the "Better Land", called to her bedside her inebriate father, and begging him to meet her there, exclaimed, "there's no whiskey in Heaven!"

NO whiskey in Heaven, no rum in the skies,
 No staggering drunkard with blood-shot
 eyes,
 No pale, ragged children, no heart-broken wife,
 So burdened with sorrows, so weary of life;

No gilded saloons to entice thee away;
 Oh, meet me in Heaven, dear father, I pray;
 Oh, make one more effort, die not in despair,
 No whiskey in Heaven! you'll keep the pledge there.

Dear mother is waiting to welcome you now,
 Oh, father, be strong, and remember your vow,
 The Saviour will strengthen, and help you to rise
 To that beautiful home far away in the skies.

The angels are waiting to bear me away,
 Your dear little daughter no longer can stay;
 Then farewell, dear father, reform and be wise,—
 No whiskey in Heaven! no rum in the skies.

MEMORIAL POEMS;

OR,

Echoes from the Voices

OF

THE DEAD.

"The very generations of the dead
Are swept away, and tomb inherits tomb,
Until the memory of an age is fled,
And, buried, sinks beneath its offspring's doom."

BYRON.

"Death is the crown of life :
Were Death denied, poor men would live in vain ;
Were Death denied, to live would not be life ;
Were Death denied, even fools would wish to die."

YOUNG.

HIS WORDS.

Written in memory of Bishop E. M. Marvin; and inscribed to that branch of the "Visible Church" which he so faithfully and effectively served.

"My brethren, there is but one life necessary to the Church—the life of Him 'who was dead' but who 'is alive forevermore!'"

BISHOP MARVIN.

"**A** SHINING light," how can we spare
Its lustre from our skies!"

"Strange Providence!" we each exclaim,
In sadness and surprise,

"That snatches from the firmament,
Before a nation's gaze,
An orb of wondrous magnitude,
In glorious noon-day blaze."

But as the sun, in setting, sheds
His light athwart the hills,
And in departing radiance
Their towering summit gilds,

So, "being dead," he "speaketh" yet,
Each word our memory fills,
And lingers ever in the heart,
As sunbeams o'er the hills.

When blasted seem our earthly hopes,
As human greatness dies,

His *words*, borne on the passing gale,
Like music, sweetly rise;

And ever 'mid the raging storm,
The universal waste,
Ring, in a cadence sweet and clear,
Above the howling blast.

When all seems wrecked, his words are like
The mast that rises high,
Where sweeping waves have buried deep
Their treasures from the eye.

Not human, in their sentiment,
So full of truth sublime,
They echo from celestial hills,
Beyond the shore of time.—

'Tho' in his manhood, good and great,
He dwells with us no more,
His life is lost in Him who died,
And lives *forever more*.

"MY TIME IS COME."

The words of Rev. Albert T. Bledsoe, L L. D., and suggestive of the following lines, dedicated to his memory.

THE "time is come" for him who fought
So nobly for the right,
To lay his battered armor down,
So stainless and so bright;

To leave his fading laurels,
But the gift of human fame,
A diadem of greater worth,
In brighter realms to claim;

The "time is come" for him who dived
So deep in ancient lore,
To lay his volumes on the shelf,
And trim his lamp no more.

Now to pursue his loved research,
Where truth eternal shines,
Whose shadows here are scarce discerned
By those of finite minds.

The "time is come" to lay aside
His ready, able pen;
To trace, no longer, stirring words,
That move the hearts of men.

For motionless now lies the hand
That wielded for the right,
That instrument of wondrous power,
Unequalled in its might.

The "time is come" for her, the Church,
To weep and mourn the loss
Of him, her mighty champion,
Brave herald of the Cross.

For kindred dear, and friends bereft,
A nation to deplore
The loss of one so good and great,
Whose useful life is o'er.

"LET THY WIDOWS TRUST IN ME."

Written in memory of Mr. James Withington, and dedicated to his widow.

WHEN the home is sad and dreary,
And the light of hope hath fled;
When the kind and loved companion
Sleeps among the silent dead;
When the heart is crushed and broken,
Once from care and sorrow free,
Hear these words that God hath spoken:
"Let thy widows trust in me."

When there stealeth through the shadows
Memories of the sainted one,
As, through parting clouds of darkness,
Come the glimpses of the sun;
Whilst we grasp the mocking visions,
May these words remembered be,
Bearing sweeter consolation,
"Let thy widows trust in me."

When no human tongue can comfort,
'Mid the gathering cares of time,
Speak these words of love and beauty,
In a language still sublime;
To the heart, Oh! must they ever
Like the "balm of Gilead" be;
Blessed words, divinely spoken,
"Let thy widows trust in me."

“A PASSING ANGEL FANNED HER TO
SLEEP.”

In Memory of Mrs. Mary Fisher, whose beautiful Christian life was admired by strangers and friends.

A KIND passing angel had fanned her to sleep,
With his wing of immaculate white;
And scarcely had turned from his mission of love,
Ere she 'waked in the regions of light.

Rough was her voyage to that “beautiful shore,”
But calmly the haven was pass'd:
Long was she tossed on a turbulent sea,
Ere the anchor forever was cast:

But ever on Christ bent her eye through the storm,
As the mariner watches the shore,
And fixes his gaze on the light-house ahead,
Which gleams like a star evermore.

And now, through the “mist” from that heavenly shore,
The breakers and quicksands all pass'd,
Will she beckon us on, with a welcoming smile,
As we buffet the wave and the blast.

HER "STORY."

Written in memory of little F. W***.

SWEET was her dying story,
As she called her mother near,
And whispered, soft and lovingly,
Its burden in her ear;

It seemed to gather sweetness
From the nectar of her lips,
As passed her life, serenely,
Into Death's sublime eclipse;

She thought of Christ's compassion,
How He once on earth had smiled
So tender, and so lovingly,
Upon a little child.—

"Suffer little children,"
She began, in accents sweet,
And said, "A 'little story'
I am going to repeat;"

But she finished it in Heaven,
For her fleeting breath was spent,
While o'er her fragile little form,
To catch her words, we bent.

We think of all her winning ways,
How oft, with loving care,
Her father's neckties she arranged,
His smiling praise to share;

And how, upon her mother's cheek,
Her little hand she laid,
And ever sought to place it there,
E'en when her reason strayed.

Her loveliness we'll ne'er forget,
But in her dying story
Will memory seek diviner charms,
For 'tis her "theme in glory."

"NOTHING WRONG."

The last words of Mr. John G. Patterson, and suggestive of the following lines dedicated to his memory:

"NOTHING wrong," all trimmed and burning,
Shone his lamp so clear and bright;
O'er Death's dark and turbid river
Softly gleamed its rays of light;

"Nothing wrong;" the wedding garment,
Pure and white, he fitly wore,
While the angels gladly opened,
As he knocked, the golden door;

"Nothing wrong;" the Bridegroom met him
With approval in His voice.
Ere he left this vale of sorrow
He had made that "better choice."

"Nothing wrong;" the echo lingers,
Though his voice no more we hear,
Like the strains of distant music
Falling sweetly on the ear;

"Nothing wrong;" all bright and glorious,
Now, 'mid the celestial throng,
Shall his voice forever mingle
With the music of their song.

A TRIBUTE

To the memory of the late Rial North, addressed, in 1867, to the Marion St. Sabbath-School, Columbia, S. C., of which he was the beloved and honored Superintendent.

SINCE last we met, upon this festive day,
A loved and honored one has passed away;
We miss amid our group his genial face,
His voice is silent, and unfilled his place.

No more he points the young to virtue's path,
And begs the youth to "shun eternal wrath;"
But deep, engraven on each tender heart,
Are left impressions which can ne'er depart;

Though once connected by most hallowed ties,
His soul hath sped its way beyond the skies,
Yet still, on earth, his noble deeds endure,
His aims were lofty, and his life was pure.

Though "gone before," each pupil holds him dear,
And Memory pays the tribute of a tear;
The crystal drop that glistens in each eye,
Bespeaks a love too pure, too deep to die.—

Though short and sudden was the warning given,
His soul was ready for its flight to Heaven;
Long in his "Master's vineyard" had he toiled,
And death's last enemy divinely foiled.

Scarce had he touched his harp's bright silvery strings,
Or quaffed the fount where life eternal springs,
When, lo! the pearly gates again divide,
And now his noble boy is at his side;

Borne hither on the wings of angels bright,
Soon had he followed, in his upward flight,
The pious father who so long had striven
To guide, with Christian zeal, his steps to Heaven.—

A wife on earth in loneliness is left,
Of hope and joy so suddenly bereft,
And “little ones” cling 'round her in their gloom,
They too have felt the orphan's bitter doom.

But God hath ever been the widow's friend,
The orphan he hath promised to defend,
His own right arm will prove their constant stay,
And strength provide “sufficient to their day.”—

Dear Pupils, let us emulate his ways,
Let acts, not words, award our Teacher praise,
And then his light will not in vain have shone.
Oh! may it guide us to the “great white Throne.”

LINES,

Suggested by the death of Mrs. Wm. F. Wade, who died Dec. 18th, 1857, in Madison, Georgia.

—

SHE'S dead!—these words I've often heard,
And shuddered at their sound;
But never did they 'wake before
Such reveries profound,
As, when in low and mournful tone,
I heard them sadly say
Of one, so young and beautiful,
“She's dead;” “she's passed away.”—
The words fell heavy on mine ear,
I called them o'er and o'er,
Yet could not realize their truth,
But wondered more and more
If I were not the victim
Of some strange, unhappy dream,
So painful were the solemn words,
So mystic did they seem.—
I went, with sad and heavy heart,
Where death's appalling knell
Had sounded its mysterious note,
To bid a long farewell
To one so early “called away”
From friends and happy home,
To ornament a brighter sphere
Beyond the azure dome.
I heard the mother's bitter sigh,

A husband's mournful groan,
A sister's loud and thrilling cry,
A brother's pensive moan;
I gazed upon the lifeless form,
The cold and placid face,
Yet could not realize that there
I saw the only trace
Of one whose heart, the day before,
Had beat as quick as mine;
Now stilled by the mysterious hand
Of Providence divine.—
I followed to the sacred spot,
Where weeping willows wave,
And saw the coffin slowly placed
Within a lowly grave;
'Twas not till then I realized
The truth of what they said,
That one so dear had "passed away;"
That she, alas! was dead.—
As thoughtfully we turned aside,
Unwillingly to leave,
I could but drop a silent tear
For those still left to grieve,
Yet thought this grave, so newly made,
Was but a painful sign
To tell us that another soul
Knelt 'round the "Heavenly shrine."

“FRIENDS HAVE BEEN SCATTERED LIKE
ROSES IN BLOOM.”

In Memory of Mrs. Mary B. C. Osborn.

O! friends of my youth, they are passing away;
How fleeting is time, for it seems but a day
Since we mingled with school-mates, light-hearted and
true,
In the morning of life, when our sorrows were few.

Together we launched on Life's billowy sea,
But soon o'er the waves had she drifted from me;
Long years have passed by since we sailed from the
shore,
But her voyage is now ended, the tempest is o'er.

How oft have I wondered the fate of her barque,
If the winds were contrary, or heavens were dark;
But o'er the great ocean no tidings there came,
While Memory treasured her face and her name.

But now, o'er the billows, 'tis wafted at last,
Kind breezes have borne me some news of the past:
Her voyage was a safe one, 'twas happy and calm,
For her *colors were dyed in the "blood of the Lamb,"*

IN MEMORY
OF LITTLE ANNIE CLINE.

COULD words of love, or beauty fling
Some mystic charm o'er death,
Extract the poison from its sting,
Or mildew from its breath,

I'd veil its rigid face with light,
And pray the power were mine
To cheer the hearts of those who weep
For little Annie Cline;

But flowery words of poesy,
In all their beauteous bloom,
Are but the garlands Love would bring
To ornament the tomb;

The fading emblems of a life
More beautiful and pure,
A tender but imperfect type
Of that which must endure;

The poet's sweetest, softest song
Is like the fragrant breath
That Spring would send, on balmy gales,
To kiss the cheek of Death;

The music of his measured rhyme
Is but the funeral knell
That sounds a solemn requiem,
A low and sad farewell;

His noblest offering's like the pile
Of ornamental stone
Erected by Affection's hand
To designate her "own."—

I would not mock with tinsel glare
Hearts rifled of their treasure,
Or into sorrow's dark abode
Intrude with silvery measure;

One privilege alone I claim,
One right alone is mine,
Who fain would cheer the hearts of those
Who weep for Annie Cline;

A privilege far loftier
Than that to poet given,
The right to lift our eyes above,
And *point with hope to Heaven.*

SAFELY ANCHORED.

The following lines were suggested by the death of a worthy and much beloved sea captain, F. J. Chase.

WHERE no raging storm shall rise,
Where no darkness clouds the skies,
Where no angry billows roll,
Where no dread disturbs the soul,
He is safely anchored.

Where no wrecks sink 'neath the main,
Where no shrieks ascend in vain,
Where no thunders madly roll,
Sending terror to the soul,
He is safely anchored.

Where the skies are ever bright,
Where "there shall be no more night,"
Where eternal glory reigns
O'er the wide extended plains,
He is safely anchored.

Where the tongue in rapture sings,
Where angelic music rings,
Where, in bliss, we'll part no more,
On that everlasting shore,
He is safely anchored.

LINES.

Suggested by the death of Mr. Azariah Graves, who died in Madison, Georgia, August 24th, 1858.

THE deep and hollow tolling bell
Struck mournfully once more,
To tell the same mysterious tale
So often told before,

And as it sounded loud and slow,
Its requiem o'er the dead,
Unbidden, memory wandered back
With half reluctant tread

To when, upon that festive night,
He claimed with manly pride,
While earthly hopes were fair and bright,
His young and lovely bride;

Then, life seemed flowery all the way,
And cloudless was his brow,
But all the hopes that cheered him then,
Alas! have withered now.

Scarce two short years have passed away
Since that eventful night
When all was gay and promising,
When all was fair and bright.—

Oh, may we learn how brief is life,
How soon we'll pass away;
Oh, may we choose that "better part"
Ere night shall close our day;

And may that light, which led him
To the everlasting shrine,
Upon our earthly pathway shed
Its rays of truth divine.

THE ONLY ONE.

In memory of little Mattie Webb.

THE only one's gone
To the regions of light,
Who cheered us in sorrow,
And made the home bright.

We miss her sweet prattle,
And musical song;
Our home seems so dreary,
And time seems so long;

For the only one's gone,
Who once cheered us on earth,
With her glances of love,
And her laughter of mirth.

Oh God! give us grace
To submit to Thy will,
For the only one's gone,
And we mourn for her still.

Oh! send a bright ray
From her home in the skies,
To chase away darkness,
And drive away sighs;

Then, we'll give up to Heaven
Our beautiful "star,"
And live in the light,
As it comes from afar,

Till with Thee in glory
We evermore reign,
And claim *there* our only—
Our loved one again.

THE FADING PICTURE.

In memory of Mrs. Isaac L. Cary.

FROM my gaze like a mist, or a vision
Thine image is fading away,
Like stars on the brow of the morning,
When night hath been turned into day.

I look on the dearly prized picture,
Yet scarce any likeness can trace,
To the eye that once smiled on me kindly,
To thy fair and thy genial face;

But ah, there's a picture no artist
With magical skill could design,
No power can fade or efface it,
That picture *forever* is mine;

The hand of a sacred affection
Hath graven it deep on my heart,
And though upon earth we are severed,
Thine image can never depart.

IN MEMORY

OF MRS. ANN ELIZA MOODY,

Whose life was rendered beautiful by early and consistent piety;
and whose death is most lamented by those who knew her best.

I WATCH the falling snow-flakes,
So beautiful and white,
And think how fit an emblem
Of a life so pure and bright;
Whose blemishes were covered
By a mantle from above,
And hid by Him whose attributes
Are tenderness and love.
Methinks how like the snow-flakes
She softly sank to rest,
And fell in spotless purity
Upon her Saviour's breast.

I look upon a painting,
With its beauties wondrous rare,
And think her life was but a scene,
As lovely and as fair,
Left hanging in the gallery
Of Memory's works of art,
To fix our loving, ling'ring gaze,
And cheer each lonely heart;
A picture traced by Hands Divine,
True beauty is not human,

A Saviour's master touch it took
The virtues to illumine.

I gaze upon the beautiful
Wherever it is seen,
And think how emblematic
Of a life so pure, serene.
The fragrance of the sweetest flowers,
The music of the dell,
The setting sun, the radiant star,
Would typify it well;
And yet her charms were not her own,
But borrowed from another,
The "crucified" but "risen" One,
Her "Friend" and "elder Brother."

I dream about the beautiful,
In grander worlds than this,
And think how fit our sainted one
To share their endless bliss;
For "whiter" than the drifted "snow"
She "washed" her "robes" in "blood"
Before she crossed the stream of Death,
The dark, mysterious flood:
Her life was all that's beautiful
In nature or in story,
Yet, "God forbid" that we should give
To aught but Him the "glory."

IN MEMORY

OF REV. JAMES A. DUNCAN,

The Honored and Lamented President of Randolph Macon College,
Virginia.

AS one in *silence* listens
To the music of a choir,
Whose strains of sacred melody
The multitude inspire,

We've heard the solemn requiem,
Whose low and mournful lays,
Have blended with the mingled voice
Of universal praise;

And now, we'd catch the echoes
Of the dying notes, sublime,
And waft the ling'ring melody
Adown the aisles of time;

We'd chant through coming ages
Of a life to Jesus given,
Until the echo dies amid
The corridors of Heaven;

We'd tell to all *why* he was great,
What made his life "sublime,"
And *why* his name shall be revered,
And live through coming time;

We'd count them o'er, the shining stars,
That glitter in his crown,
And tell the world where riches true,
Where royalty is found.

We'd point them to his peaceful end,
So joyous and so calm,
And cry, as once *he* cried on earth,
“*Behold, behold the Lamb.*”

HE LEFT US WITH A SMILE.

In Memory of Dr. A. Dyer Marshall.

HE was young, and gay, and hopeful,
In love with life and earth;
He sought its fleeting pleasures,
And he mingled in its mirth;
And he only thought of living,
And forgot the "Master's" claim,
When all unseen, and *suddenly*,*
The great "Destroyer" came;
But methinks 'twill soothe our sorrow,
And cheer us for awhile,
When the hour came for parting,
He left us with a smile.

He cast a glance of sadness
O'er a life all spent in vain,
As the hopes of youth departed,
And he agonized in pain;
He thought of golden moments
That were gone forevermore,
And said he'd spend them better,
Could he only live them o'er;
But his course on earth was finished,
And he lingered but awhile—
Yet 'tis cheering to remember
That he left us with a smile.

He turned his eye to Jesus,
In a moment of despair,
A spark of hope was kindled
As he saw redemption there;
And as the light reflected
From the Cross upon his way,
Its radiant brightness scattered
All the shadows of dismay;
He beheld the Lamb all bleeding
For the vilest of the vile,
And his fear of death departed,
And he left us with a smile.

He knew that he was dying,
And he begged to be alone,
That his thoughts might dwell on Heaven,
And the future, all unknown;
Then he called his friends around him,
And he bade them all adieu,
As a glimpse of things celestial
Seemed to open to his view;
Then he begged us all to meet him,
And he kissed his wife and child;
He closed his eyes serenely,
And he left us with a smile.

* My brother was thrown from his buggy, and died a few days afterwards from the injuries received.

LOOKING FOR THE DEATHS.

In memory of Mrs. Ella Tucker Stubbs, wife of Col. John M. Stubbs, who died March 29th, 1877.

WITH joy I greet the tidings
 Of the old familiar sheet,
 Which brings its distant treasures,
 And unbinds them at my feet;
 A bouquet freshly gathered
 From my childhood's happy home,
 Though thorns and flowers mingle,
 How I long to see it come!

As I break the golden fetters,
 Which confine the garnered sheaf,
 How oft I find a blighted grain,
 A scar'd, or mildew'd leaf,
 Entwined and interwoven
 With the skill of mystic art;
 For, ever thus, our sorrows come
 All mingled to the heart.—

I glanced along the column,
 O'er the consecrated spot,
 Which never comes to us unfilled,
 For Death relenteth not,
 To see if any, dear to me,
 Were numbered with the dead;

To weep my tears where, evermore,
Somebody's tears are shed.—

Thy name, ah! yes, in sad surprise,
My gaze upon it fell,
I read it o'er, and o'er again,
As bound beneath a spell;
For though we ever look for death,
It ever seemeth strange
That those who are beloved by us,
Should come within its range.—

I knew thee in thy girlish days,
I've seen thee not for years,
But at the mention of thy death
Unbidden came my tears;
And fain this little tribute
From a gushing heart I'd bring,
A kindly poured libation
From a deep, long hidden spring;

A little sad memento
To a friend of other days,
Though many, many changing years
We've gone diverging ways;
And all the joys and sorrows,
That we each have wandered through
Are locked in hearts—mine here on earth,
Thine in a world more true.

We'll never here recall the past,
Thy face I'll ne'er behold;

But though it may have changed with time,
It comes to me of old;
So fair, and ever wreathed in light,
How memory holds it dear,
Thy sunny smile I'll never see,
Save as an image here.

But glorious hope, thy dying words,
"My Saviour's to me sweet,"
Come like a balm unto my heart,
And tell me we shall meet;
They tell me how my long lost friends,
Though scattered far and wide,
Shall one day in rejoicings join,
When Christ receives "His Bride."

“LIKE THE RAINBOW OF SUMMER.”

In Memory of Mrs. Callie L. Smith.

GONE as the rainbow fadeth,
Like a mist from the roseate skies;
Gone like a dream, like a vision,
As ever the beautiful dies;
Leaving a sense of sadness
In the loss of the good and the true.—
We miss from the arching heavens
The bow in its matchless hue.

As the rainbow, in colors so varied,
Adorns the cerulean dome,
So, her virtues, tho' brighter and fadeless,
Encircled her beautiful home.
As the bow only borrows its beauty
From the rays of the dazzling sun,
So her virtues were but a reflection
From the face of the “Crucified One.”

She's gone as the rainbow fadeth
From the gaze of admiring eyes;
Yet hope, like that “token” of promise,
Still brightens our dark'ning skies;
For she dwells where a halo of glory,
Like the bow, ever circles the throne;
Where nothing is transient or fleeting:
Where Jesus receiveth His “own.”

LITTLE HATTIE.

SHE was a little sunbeam
That shone upon our way,
And cheered us but a moment
Ere its brightness passed away;

She was a little meteor
That darted through our skies,
And left us gazing, as she passed,
With sad and weeping eyes;

She was a little flower
That dropped its early bloom,
And scattered all its fragrance
Upon the chilling tomb;

She was a little birdling
Whose merry little song
Was warbled but a little while,
To be remembered long;

She was a little radiant star
That in our household rose,
And sought another firmament
Where darkness never goes;

She was a little rainbow
Encircling every shower,

Whose colors threw the brightest hues
Upon the darkest hour;

She was a little angel
Just on her way to Heaven,
And stopped to tell us that our babes
Are only *lent*, not *given*;

She was any thing that's beautiful,
Or any thing that's bright;
She made our life a sunny day,
And then a starless night.

ELEGY

ON PROFESSOR NATHAN R. SMITH, M. D.
Of Baltimore, Md.

SOME men there are who rise sublimely high,
Like grand old peaks that pierce the arching sky,
Whose virtues shed a light on those below,
As mountains o'er the plain their shadows throw.

As Alpine natives gaze with smiling pride
Upon the towering Alps at eventide,
And glory in the golden splendor shed
By fading sunbeams o'er its snow-capped head,

So have we looked upon his honored brow,
Where mingled laurels with his locks of snow,
In admiration, as his greatness threw
A light which shineth o'er the path of few;

Our city's pride; our "*veteran Surgeon*" great,
We laud his virtues whilst we mourn our fate,
And bid adieu to genial, genuine worth,
Whose mild reflections long shall brighten earth.

LITTLE "TODDIE."

Whose memory is cherished, and whose death is lamented by the readers of "Helen's Babies."

WE read about thee, "Toddie,"
In the long, long summer days—
Of all thy witty sayings,
And thy winning little ways,

Till the hours seemed to borrow
Inspiration from thy glee,
And danced away in gladness,
Like to fairies o'er the lea.

We learned to love thee, "Toddie,"
As we love Italian skies,
Whose beauties Eastern travelers
Have portrayed to Fancy's eyes;

We thought of thee as lovely,
The embodiment of charms,
And longed to lavish kisses,
And caress thee in our arms.

But, alas! they tell us, "Toddie,"
Thou hast left this "barren shore,"
And all thy little artless ways
We'll never hear of more:

No more you'll "paste" up "pictures,"
On Mamma's "embellished wall;"
But pictures you have painted
On the memories of all,

Nor will you ever more destroy
Your "Ocken Hawwy's" "flowers,"
For brighter ones you're culling now,
From amaranthine bowers.

No more you'll "rummage" "funny chunts"
In search of hidden store,
But Heaven's wonderful archives
You'll evermore explore.

In God's eternal universe
You'll "shee the wheels go wound,"
Where "dust" ne'er clogs their ceaseless turn,
Or stills their rotary sound.

We'll think about thee, "Toddie,"
In the many coming years,
And smiles awakened by thy pranks
Will mingle with our tears.

The angels stole thee, "Toddie,"
On a dark and wintry night
They saw thee as thou glittered
Like a star so wondrous bright;

They envied us our treasure
As we doted on it here,

And so they came and took thee
To their own enchanted sphere.

They've lit up Heaven brighter
With the sunbeams from thine eyes,
But dropped a starless curtain
O'er our own cerulean skies.

They've added sweeter music
To their own harmonious choir,
But left us only echoes
From a hushed and broken lyre.

The angels now you'll question,
As you questioned us of yore,
And they will teach thee mysteries
Unknown to thee before.

You made us laugh, dear "Toddie,"
But we'll give thee up awhile,
For I'm sure you'll keep the angels
Ever basking in a smile.

IN MEMORY OF A NOBLE BOY,

HENRY F. GOOD.

—
AS a bubble clear as crystal,
Floating on the sunlit stream,
Vanishes before our vision
Ere we catch its silvery gleam,

So hast thou, fair child of beauty,
Drifting on Life's rushing tide,
Sunk beneath its flowing waters
Ere thou left the mossy side

Of the banks, whose craggy mountains
Cast dark shadows o'er thy brow,
As if mourning thy departure
From its vine-encircled bough.

Thou hast gone, but as a bubble
With reflected beauty gleams,
Mirroring in rainbow colors
Flow'rets on the sunny streams,

Thou hast caught, from earth, its beauty,
In thy *short* and winged flight;—
While we gazed, with tearful longings,
Angels snatched thee from our sight.

Nestle thou, sweet child of beauty,
'Neath their soft and "snowy wings,"
In thy purity we leave thee
Far from earth's polluted springs.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS,

OR,

VARIEGATED LEAVES

FROM

The Forest of Thought.

"Variety's the very spice of life,
That gives it all its flavour."

COWPER.

THE ENCHANTED FOREST.

AN INDIAN ROMANCE.

The following poem was commenced, and most of it written, by my uncle, Mr. Charles Grinnell, who having died suddenly, before its completion, I have added to, and finished it, thinking it too good to be lost.

I N the far West where mountains rise,
In lofty grandeur, to the skies,
Deep in a dreary wilderness,
Within a valley's wild recess;
There Autumn ne'er can waft a gale,
Nor Winter's chilling blast prevail,
Nor Summer, with intrusive ray,
Usurp the Spring-time's milder sway;
Where Flora, in perpetual reign,
But paints the landscape o'er again,
And 'mid these realms divinely fair,
Breathes grateful fragrance on the air,
There oft in wild and sportive play,
From dewy lawn, at dawn of day,
Peeps slyly from her couch of flowers,
To greet Aurora and the Hours;
Then, by the Orient light, discloses
Her magic skill in painting roses,
And with the Hours' rosy dye,
Which streams along the eastern sky,
Pencils each gently opening flower,

And weaves a chaplet or a bower;
Or o'er the violets' humble beds
The purest tint cerulean sheds,
And o'er the lily softly throws
The fairest tint of Alpine snows,
Or, with Apollo's golden rays,
Confuses all the flowery maze,
Bestowing here and there, at will,
Bright daisy, pink, and daffodil;
In flowing robes, of radiant sheen,
Trips lightly o'er the verdant green,
And, with her mystic wand, disposes
Lasting bloom among the roses.—
There, in that fair and wild recess,
Where beauty smiles in loneliness,
Bright crystal streamlets, sparkling, leap
From jutting crag, or rocky steep,
And, in their wild, fantastic play,
Are lost in clouds of fleecy spray,
Or in some cavern's lonely hall
Wake the echoing water-fall,
Or gliding, noiselessly, along
The silent groves and woods among,
Oft o'er their flowery borders break
Into the clear and placid lake,
Inviting, far, each nimble deer,
Or fleet gazelle that wanders near
To slake his thirst, or 'neath the wave
His panting breast at mid-day lave.
No barren waste can there be seen
Where nature robes in richest green
The boundless Prairie, and displays

Her countless beauties to the gaze.
The daisy, pink, and violet
In close communion there are met;
The woodbine, sweet, entwines the rose,
And nature sleeps in soft repose,
Save now and then the mock-bird's song
That wakes the echoing woods along
With notes so wild, so soft, and clear,
An angel's harp might pause to hear.—
Into that valley, fair and wild,
On every side by mountains piled,
No easy entrance can be found
O'er mountain top, or under ground,
Save where a dark and steep ravine
Winds down the craggy cliffs between,
Or where, perchance, a rugged cleft
Has 'mong the rocks a passway left.
There, in that sweet and silent glen,
Far from the busy haunts of men,
An Indian chieftain makes his home,
And through the forest loves to roam,
With quivered dart and deadly bow,
To chase the game, or dare a foe;
There with a lovely Indian maid,
Beneath the forest's cooling shade,
Enjoys the dance, or talks of love,
Or with the gentle savage roves
Deep in the dark entangled brake,
Along the side of placid lake,
Where at noon she oft repairs,
And to the wave her bosom bares.
Her beaded necklace first unstrings,

Then from her head the turban flings,
Unclasps her jewel'd arms and thighs,
And next her buskin robe unties.
When all unrobed, a moment stands,
Or trips along the silver strand;
Securely hid from vulgar sight,
To bathe where coolest shades invite,
And where, untouched by solar beams,
The shaded stream the deepest seems.
No ripple o'er its surface playing,
Awhile she stands, her form surveying,
Then, blushing with her own delight,
Swift plunges in the streamlet bright,
Still blushing as each lovely grace
Enjoys the liquid's kind embrace.—
And oft, 'tis said, at close of day,
'Long flowery paths are seen to stray
The youthful chieftain and the maid,
Or 'neath the woodland's silent shade,
Without a thought or care oppressed,
Reclining, woo their balmy rest
Until the morning's early light,
Dispelling far the shades of night,
Wakes grove, and glen, and greenwood tree,
With nature's sweetest minstrelsy.
Thus spending each successive day,
Midst scenes of beauty still they stray;
Still live and love, with joy and song
Life, love, and happiness prolong,
Where many years they've lived, I ween,
By stranger eyes but rarely seen.
Their hist'ry now, whate'er it be,

I'll tell it as 'twas told to me,
By whom, and when, since 'twas by chance
I learned this singular romance:

The last sad beams of parting day
Rolled darkly to the west away,
And doubtful shades of evening fell
On forest tree-top, grove, and dell.
Autumnal blasts had swept the moor,
And 'round the Cotter's humble door
Old Boreas, whispering faint and low,
Foretold of wintry rains and snow.
Regardless of the threatening blast,
With simple cheer and warm repast,
Rejoiced the hardy Pioneer,
Whose cottage on the far frontier
Looked out upon a turbid stream,
Where, glancing in the sun's last beam,
An aged chief, with muffled oar,
Plied his lone barque along the shore.
The winds were up; adown the vale
The murmurs of the muttering gale
Foreboded wrath, while from the sky
The God of Storms looked threateningly;
Where night, apace, beneath the trees,
Flung her dark banners to the breeze.
Moor'd by the beach, his light canoe
Beneath an aged oak he drew.
Upon the shore, with sudden bound,
He stood, he paused, he looked around.
The cottage fire, with cheerful blaze,
Through chink and crevice glancing plays;

While peace, contentment, joy, and mirth
Are mingling 'round the rustic hearth.

To scenes like these, a welcome guest,

Comes the lone traveler of the west,

Where sounds familiar to his ear

Betoken peace and comfort near.

The chief approached with tottering pace,

And eye observant marked the place

Around him still more closely drew

His tattered robe of dingy blue,

For piercing cold the night-winds blew.

And then was heard the watch-dog's bay,

As near the cottage door he lay,

Which, when the happy inmates hear,

Know well some stranger footstep's near;

Where soon the chief, a favored guest,

Found friends and comfort, food and rest;

And while their rustic board he shares,

Forgetting age and all its cares,

Rehearsed his many wand'rings o'er:

Upon a time when border wars

Bade bold defiance to the laws,

And cruel strife and wild turmoil

Compell'd the Indian from the soil,

A chieftain, with his faithful band,

Was forced to flee his native land,

A refuge sought in the far West,

A home, perchance, where peaceful rest,

Beyond their harsh, usurping foes,

Might o'er a people's slumbers close,

Where in the wild wood, lone and still,

No pale-face foe would seek to kill,

No vengeful arm, no robber bold,
To drive the Indian from his hold;
Where far removed from cruel strife,
And irksome modes of civil life,
To roam o'er woods and valleys fair,
As free and boundless as the air,
With barbed shaft and deadly bow,
To bring the tallest antler low,
And when the chase was o'er and won,
To bask him in the noon-day's sun,
Or 'neath the forest's cooling shade,
For all his labors doubly paid,
Partake his food and calmly rest,
Supremely happy, free and blest.
Such scenes as these the Indian long
Had praised in story and in song;
Such scenes as these he once enjoyed,
But now by ruthless hands destroyed;
For these his fathers fought and died,
And countless warriors, in their pride,
Laid down their lives, but failed to save
But one inheritance—the Grave!
All this old Otho knew and felt,
As o'er his tribe in prayer he knelt,
That the Great Spirit, in his might,
Would shield his Braves in future fight.
Then turned him to the setting sun,
And vowed that ere its course was run,
To seek a home of future rest
In the dark forests of the West.

Thus, when at last his little host
Great Mississippi streams had crossed,
They lingered on the farther shore,
And viewed, well pleased, the prospect o'er.
There, resting from their travels long,
Round went the pipe, and loud the song
Which echo'd from the nether shore;
On every wave its bosom bore,
The dance, the shout, the wild halloo,
From every rock an echo threw,
Till from their evening's wild repast
They sank to drowsy sleep at last,
Nor woke until Aurora's dawn
Had silvered o'er the dewy lawn,
A consultation then to hold—
(And thus it is the story's told)
To counsel 'mongst themselves began,
What next the step, what next the plan
They should pursue, and thus decree
Where next their future home should be;
And as each faithful warrior, true,
Around their chieftain nearer drew,
Brave Otho spoke, while every ear
Attentive leaned, his words to hear:
"But yesterday, and we did claim
A home, a heritage, and name;
A thousand warriors, firm and true,
As ere a knife or bow-string drew,
Stood ready, at their chieftain's call,
With him to conquer or to fall,
But in a fatal hour the foe
Hath laid our homes and prospects low;

Yon lowering cloud of smoky grey
Broods o'er the strife of yesterday,
And, where yon vulture circling flies,
Many a hardy warrior lies,
Without a mound, without a grave,
To shield the still unburied brave;
Where howls the wolf, at even-tide,
The earth with crimson gore is dyed;
Where screams the owl, the smouldering fire
Lights up the warrior's funeral pyre,
Where ruthless hands seek to deface
The Indian's last, lone, resting-place,
His home, his heritage, his race.
As flies the hare the eagle's beak,
From these blood-hounds we refuge seek;
As flies the dove its towering foe,
Swift from every pale-face go;
But let our Prophet first decide,
And all our future footsteps guide."—
Then, from amidst the list'ning throng,
Old Nemo, famed for wisdom long,
An aged warrior, weak and old,
To his chief and band this counsel told:
"Choose thee a warrior brave and true
Out from among thy faithful few,
Who, as a chieftain, richly dressed
In flowing plumes and beaded vest,
And charged and armed with trusty bow,
Shall further to the westward go,
And wander far, yet further still
O'er verdant plain and sloping hill
To where the mountains seem to rest

Against the sky each hoary crest,
And seek, and ere he shall retrace
His steps, or eastward turn his face,
To find a land where sweet repose
Shall o'er our dreary wanderings close;
Where no white foe shall rest his head,
Nor echo sound his fearful tread,
And thence returning guide his band
Where thus their new and favored land
He shall select, away from strife,
And irksome modes of civil life."—

When the old Prophet thus had spoke,
From every lip a murmur broke;
No discontent was whispered there,
But assent, breathed in earnest prayer;
Then fixed was every lip and eye,
When Otho rose, with bearing high,
And summoned quickly to his side
His only son, the people's pride.

Then through the throng Osceola came,
With fearless brow and eye of flame,
A youthful Brave, as bold and true
As e'er a foeman met or slew.
A chief more gallant ne'er essay'd
To win the heart of Indian maid;
Erect and tall, his forehead high,
And like the lightning's flash his eye,
Approached his sire, his wish to know,
And bowed respectfully and low.—
"To thee, my son," old Otho said,
"A people's councils look for aid;

For your assistance now they call,
With you they stand, with you they fall;
 Go seek a home where thy oppressed
 May find a long, unbroken rest.
'Mid friends, or foes, no calumet spurn,
In peace depart, in peace return;
 But if great ill thy way betide,
 Then haste thee to the river's side."

Thus charged, thus armed, with bow well bent,
Oscelo on his errand went,
 And venturing forth, at dawn of day,
 He westward steered his lonely way,
And wandering far, 'neath forests shade,
O'er lofty hill and dreary glade,
 His trackless way pursuing far,
 Where naught intrusive seemed to mar
The scenes which nature there had strewn
With gems and beauties all her own;
 Where each succeeding prospect grew
 Still the brighter, fair, and new;
Where yet no trails or paths appear,
Nor lurking foe to rouse his fear;
 Tho' through the dark and trackless wood
 A trail or path forebodes no good,
As crouching foe, with fatal dart,
May pierce with death the stoutest heart,
 Or Panther there in ambush lay,
 Dread sentinel of the traveler's way.—
And thus he mused, yet fearless still;
Alike, o'er vale or lofty hill,
 He journeyed on, until at last,

Through many scenes of danger past,
He climbed the mountain's rugged side,
To view the landscape far and wide,
When lo ! on his enraptured sight
Burst realms of beauty, fair and bright;
There lofty peaks rose towering high,
In awful grandeur to the sky,
While far below shone prairies green,
Like ocean from a distance seen,
Save that they bore no snowy sail
To kiss the gently wafting gale;
And there, beneath his wond'ring gaze,
Lay gentle stream and flowery maze,
And o'er the landscape, far and near,
Were browsing groups of elk and deer,
Where angry Bisons tore the ground,
And made the trembling earth resound,
As in their wild, terrific might
They bowed their sable brows in fight;
Where, down the mountain's gentle slope,
Careered the playful antelope,
And sparkling in the sun's bright beam,
Lay mirror'd lake and silver stream;
And away, adown the mountain's side,
Many a streamlet's crystal tide,
Beneath the day-god's golden ray,
Went bounding in fantastic play,
Where valleys fair, on every side,
Stretched o'er the landscape far and wide,
And flowery heath and silent dell,
Heaven-towering cliff and rocky cell,

In wild and bright succession rise,
The Indian's fields of Paradise.—

Thence, threading down a rocky way,
Which down the rugged mountain lay
Through rocky pass, by nature left,
When venturing forth from narrow cleft,
Beheld a path, in winding route,
As if by human hands laid out,
Or like an oft frequented trail.

Slow, winding downward to the vale,
Extending far as eye could reach,
'Neath chestnut shade and sandy beach,
By verdant banks of cooling streams,
Murmuring soft as infant dreams,

He wandered still, with lightsome step,
Where sylphs on mossy couches slept,
Or 'long the borders of a lake,
O'er rocky hill and tangled brake,
Where limpid rill and purling brook
Went babbling through each rocky nook;
Anon he lingered by the way,

To watch the ripples in their play,
Or stooped to cull the flowers which grew
On either side, where zephyrs threw
Sweet fragrance from the hawthorn tree,
Where ceaseless roved the wildwood bee,

Or plucked the fruit that clustering hung
O'er the bright way, or softly sung,
While strolling leisurely along,

In tenderest praise, or simple song,
Of some loved one, who, far away,
Still claimed the burthen of his lay.

An Indian maid the chieftain loved,
Fair as the hawthorn's early bower,
As fleet gazelle she lightly moved,
Nor shook the dew-drop from the flower.
Like a wild roe she sprang
When the lark gaily sang,
When the morning so brightly is breaking.
Like the violet sweet,
Like the antelope fleet,
Aroused at the dawn, ere his waking.

As mourns the dove its absent mate,
Thus perished Neta from her lover.
The forest trees bewail her fate,
The tall grass now her only cover.
Like a fresh blown flower
From its native bower,
To the forest, dark, they bore her,
Where aged trees,
Moved by the breeze,
Chant midnight dirges o'er her.

Though youthful love had fired his brain
Despair had snapp'd the cord in twain;
Osceolo, like his aged sire,
In war's pursuit had quenched desire,
And, like that aged sire, the son
In battle had his honors won;
A chief who ne'er was known to slay
The helpless fawn or deer at bay;
But when, 'mid foes, as little cared
What victim then his vengeance shared;

An exile now from home and friends,
All careless he what course he tends;
Yet he could sing, as when at first
In youth his young affections burst,
In accents soft, of purest love,
For her whose spirit sleeps above.
'Twas then his youthful heart he gave
To one who long since wed the graye;
The fairest damsel of her race,
Snatched from an aged sire's embrace,
By a base marauding band was torn,
And stealthily to the forest borne,
Where viler means than poisoned dart,
Or fangs of adders, pierced her heart.—
Despoiled of virtue, home, and friends,
Her plaintive prayer to Heaven ascends;
While on Osceolo's name she calls,
All frantic to the earth she falls,
Or fancying his approach, she flies
Where echo answers to her cries;
But finds, alas! no lover there,
No solace in her deep despair.—

* * * * *

He seeks a land where peaceful rest
Shall soothe the injured and oppressed,
And, having found the happy place,
Would fain again his steps retrace;
But hold! he stops! with head upraised,
He forward bends his searching gaze,
And lo! behold his visage now,
A storm is gathering on his brow;

His eyes, like sparks of kindling fire,
Reveal the terror of his ire;
 In warlike attitude he stands,
 And closely now another scans;
A stranger chieftain, richly dressed
In crimson robe and beaded vest,
 Advancing cautiously and slow,
 Where vines and brambles thickly grow,
With savage yell and wild menace,
Hath met Osceolo face to face;
 And snatching from his quiver, now,
 An arrow, twangs his well strung bow.
Osceolo shrank not from his sight,
But armed himself for bloody fight.
 But scarce had either time to hear,
 Or know what cause he had for fear,
When lo! advancing on the right,
Another clad in trappings bright,
 Approaching, sly, through copse and wood,
 No evil fears, nor deems it good
 To meet a foe in any mood;
Scarce from the ground his eyes he raised,
When starting back, he shrank amazed;
 Astonished at so strange a scene,
 Endeavored first himself to screen;
Then, with a savage passion fired,
He ventured!—stopped!—retired!—
 His eagle eyes behind him glance,
 As quick he trims a flashing lance,
And arms himself with bow and knife,
Defensive for the coming strife.
 And then, upon the left, a sound

Loud shook the trembling earth around,
As, panther-like, from ambush bound
Another still, with long loud yell,
Which made the slumbering echo tell
From every mountain, cliff, and dell;
And burning hot, with vengeance rife,
With tomahawk and scalping knife,
To meet the deadly coming strife.
And thus arrayed, in direful feud,
They stood in warlike attitude,
Assembled 'neath the forest shade,
With deadly knife and dart arrayed,
Each looked at each with curious eye,
Not knowing whence he came, or why,
And thus, in dark and angry mood,
Offensive and defending stood,
While fearful thought, on every brow,
Was pending sullen, dark, and low.
And for awhile no breath was heard,
Save leaflet by the wind bestir'd,
Or caroling note of sportive bird;
But silence reigned throughout the scene,
And mute was language, eye, and mien.
Osceolo then, like warrior true,
Forth from his belt the calumet drew,
And offered peace to all; but, no,
Each chieftain was a chieftain's foe.
Then to his belt the chief returned
The badge of peace so proudly spurned,
And, with a savage fierce array,
Rushed boldly forth with wild display,
And in a harangue loud but brief,

Proclaimed himself the only chief
Of all the land whereon they stood,
The vale, the mountain, lake, and wood;
And though his words unmeaning seem'd
To all the rest, yet still they deem'd
His actions such that each might know
That he defied the stoutest blow.

Then quick as lightning's vivid glare
The war-whoop rent the silent air,
Each at the others rushed, nor knew
Which foeman first he met or slew;
But ere they met in deadly strife,
A magic power withheld the knife,
And turned aside the fatal dart,
Just raised to pierce a brother's heart,
For lo! a crash like thunder driven,
Or trees by lightning fiercely riven,
Now shook the hills from top to base,
And bound each warrior to the place.

So startled at the dread alarm,
Each chieftain staid the vengeful arm,
While o'er the wood the dying sound
From every cliff an echo found,

And o'er the water's rippling swell
In length'ning measures rose and fell.
A snow-white mist o'erspread the lake,
But soon was lost 'mid reed and brake,
When on the distant shore was seen
Arrayed in robes of snowy sheen,
A female form, that neared the beach
To where a boat lay just in reach.

Moored to the shore, a shallop light

Lay floating on the waters bright.
Swift, shooting from a shady nook,
Across the lake her way she took;
The ripples now ceased in their play,
So light her bark moved on its way.
Swift o'er the lake its burthen bore,
And anchored on the nearest shore;
A sylph, in robes of purest white,
Now pressed the beach with footsteps light.
The snowy charms quite half revealed
From 'neath the robe meant to conceal,
Which did not, though it seemed to hide
In folds transparent, floating wide.
Her darkly flowing raven hair
Still fell upon her bosom bare,
Where, from beneath its silken flow,
Peered hillocks of the purest snow.
Approaching near, she waved her hand,
And thus addressed the chieftain band:

Cease, yes, Chieftain, cease,
Nor spill thy brother's blood,
I bring the peace, yes warrior, peace,
Enchantress of the wood.

From yonder bower, where sleeps the maid,
Fair Goddess of this woodland shade,
I've hastened near,
And, while I sing,
Good tidings bring,
List ye, and hear:

Twelve moons have fled
Since here, 'twas said,
An Indian maid was seen to stray,
And oft, at eve,
Was heard to grieve,
And chanting sing this simple song:

SONG.

From the home of my sire,
Oh, where do I stray;
From his wigwam and fire
You have forced me away,
My cold bed to make
By the side of the lake,
Deep, deep, in the shade of the wildwood.

From you, my dear mother,
They've forced me to flee;
Thus lonely to wander
From love, and from thee,
My cold bed to make
By the side of the lake,
Far, far from the scenes of my childhood.

I've sought her here,
The lake side near,
Where freshly blooms each summer flower,
And lightly o'er
The lake I bore
The maid, beneath yon silvan bower.

There long she's slept, beneath my hold,
While twelve long months their rounds have told,
And still twelve more shall mark it well
Unless thy song shall break the spell.

To him that now this charm shall break,
And bid the slumbering maid awake,
To him shall all the wood belong
That now shall chant the magic song.

Then haste, yes, warrior, haste
Across this silvery flood,
I bring thee peace, yes, chieftain, peace,
Enchantress of the wood.

And, waving then her wand, once more
Step'd lightly from the silver shore;
So light she touched the snowy strand,
No print was left upon the sand.
Her boat regained — one gentle stroke
Around her prow the ripples broke.
Thence, gliding swiftly o'er the lake,
Each chieftain followed in its wake,
Cheered by the Fairy's mystic song,
Which woke the echoing shores along.

SONG.

Come haste with me
And you shall see
Where mountain Fairies hide;
In glittering bands,
They link their hands,

The green-wood lake beside;
Where moonbeams glance,
The Fairies dance
At evening's silver tide. -

Come haste with me,
And you shall see,
Beneath the green-wood shade,
Where Beauty sleeps,
And Fairies keep
Watch o'er the sleeping maid;
Where bowers are green,
And flowers are seen
That never, never fade.

Then haste with me,
With joy and glee,
Awake the wood with song,
Let echoes bound
With joyous sound,
The mountain cliffs along,
And ere they've died
I will decide
To whom these woods belong.

The shore regained — with curious eye
On every side the scene they spy,
And, with a shout of rapture, then
Rang silent nook, and rocky glen.—

There, 'neath a bower for love designed,
By Fairies' skillful hands entwined,

With all the charms of Hebe blest,
 An Indian maid had sunk to rest.
Her sylph-like form reclining lay
Upon a couch of violets gay,
 Just bursting from their buds so fair,
 With sweetest fragrance filled the air;
The woodbine there spontaneous sprung,
And 'round her airy limbs had clung
 With tendrils soft; and flowers, fresh blown,
 Around her brow a wreath had thrown;
Her hair in wild luxuriance fell
Upon her bosom's gentle swell,
 In richest ringlets softly pressed
 Upon her gently heaving breast;
Her eyes in slumber gently closed,
While o'er her cheek the blushing rose
 A shade upon the lily threw,
 And tinged with pink the pearly dew;
The rosebud, bursting at her lip,
Betrayed the loit'ring bee to sip
 The nectar'd dew-drop from the flower,
 The sweetest far in all the bower.—
Assembled 'round the sleeping maid,
The Fairy to the chieftains said:

“To him that now this spell shall break,
And bid the slumbering maid awake,
 To him shall all the wood belong,
 Who now shall chant the magic song.”
Again she waved her mystic wand,
Again addressed the chieftain band:

“Then chieftain sing;
Thy song shall bring
The slumbering maid to life;
This feud shall cease,
And joy and peace
Dispel the cloud of strife.”

FIRST CHIEFTAIN.

I have come from a land
Where the bright golden sand
From the depth of the stream is reflected;
Where the stars twinkle bright,
And the silver moon's light
Leads the chief to his maid ne'er neglected;
Where the warriors are brave
On the brink of the grave;
Where the wife of the chief is protected;
Where the sky's ever blue,
And each chief ever true
To the heart of his love ne'er rejected;
Then awake, maiden, wake,
Let thy slumber now break,
And away with the chieftain, protected,
To his sunny bright home,
Whence you'll ne'er wish to roam,
Where long you may live,
Nor cause have to grieve
While the gold from the stream is reflected.

And thus a chief essayed and sung,
While rocks and hills responsive rung,
And o'er the forest wild and wide,

The last sad notes in echoes died.
Still, undisturbed the maiden slept,
And still her watch the Fairy kept.
Then burning with regret and shame,
He took the trail by which he came,
With hasty step his way he made,
And vanished 'neath the greenwood shade.

Again the Fairy waved her wand,
Again addressed the chieftain band:
"Then chieftain sing;
Thy song shall bring
The sleeping maid to life,
This feud shall cease,
And joy and peace
Dispel the cloud of strife."

SECOND CHIEFTAIN.

Beautiful, beautiful Indian maid,
Long through the forests I've rambled and strayed,
Many I've wooed who were lovely and fair,
But none unto thee could in beauty compare;

Sleep thou no longer, but open thine eyes,
Look on these bright and these beautiful skies,
Cheer these lone woods with thy musical voice,
Awake! and all nature shall smile and rejoice.

But ere the last faint note had died
Deep in the forest, wild and wide,
His face, that beamed with smiles before,
No longer pleasant aspect bore;

With muttered curse his exit made,
Deep in the trackless forest's shade.

Again the Fairy waved her wand,
Again addressed the chieftain band:
 "Then chieftain sing,
 Thy song shall bring
The slumbering maid to life;
 This feud shall cease,
 And joy and peace
Dispel the clouds of strife."

THIRD CHIEFTAIN.

Sweet maid, awake,
These jewels take;
From richest mines I've brought them,
That I might please,
And give thee these,
Thence hither I have sought thee.

To deck thy brow
They're sparkling now
Like drops from crystal fountains;
Aye, all I'll give,
Wouldst thou but live,
Sweet goddess of the mountains.

Arise! Awake!
Fain would I break
The spell which long hath bound thee;

And then to thee
Each chieftain's knee
Shall bow in homage 'round thee.

And thus another chieftain sung,
While o'er the forest loudly rung
The last sad notes of fruitless song,
Echoing all the woods along.
Upon his brow despair had marked
Her sullen presence, sad and dark;
As on the scene his glance he hurled,
Contempt his trembling lip had curled;
A shrill war-whoop he fiercely wound,
Then fled, and vanished with the sound.

And then again the Fairy spoke,
For neither yet the charm had broke:
"To thee, lone chief, doth now remain
The song to sing, the prize to gain;
Then sing, and bid the spell be flown,
And make this lovely maid your own;
Though dying echo still prolongs
The ending notes of fruitless songs,
Yet, while you sing,
Your song shall bring
The slumbering maid to life;
This feud shall cease,
And joy and peace
Dispel the clouds of strife."

FOURTH AND LAST CHIEFTAIN.

Awake ! awake ! sweet maid, awake !
And cheer my sadden'd heart,

Oh, let me not in loneliness
And solitude depart;

For once I loved a beauteous maid,
Whose face was like to thine,
But death hath robbed me of my prize,
No longer is she mine;

My heart since then hath known no love,
And stern hath been my brow,
But, with an impulse pure and warm,
'Tis quickly beating now.

I love thee, fair and beauteous maid,
Yes, dearer than my life;
Oh! 'wake and cheer my lonely heart,
Awake! and be my wife.

Scarce had Osceola ceased to sing,
When, like a bird on airy wing,
The Fairy fled, nor longer stayed,
As brightly woke the sleeping maid;
Her lips in sweetest dreams were moved,
Enraptured with the voice she loved;
A smile upon her features broke,
As from that dream she wildly woke,
And rushing forth embraced her chief,
And, on his bosom, found relief
From that strange sleep which, thus so long,
Had ceased but with his magic song.
Where long they've dwelt, as it is said,
Beneath that dark, enchanted shade;

Nor can they e'er depart its bound,
Where, thus, a happy home they've found;
For now, whene'er they'd leave the place,
And to their tribe their wand'rings trace,
They travel with the rising sun
Until his daily course is run;
But, with returning steps, they find
The scenes they fain would leave behind,
And greet, at eve's last twilight hour,
Their own beloved, enchanted bower.

OH! TELL ME NOT THAT LITERATURE
CAN FILL A WOMAN'S HEART.

Reply to a friend, who said to one of literary taste that she could live with her books, and be happy, alone, with them.

OH! tell me not that literature
Can fill a woman's heart,
However precious she may deem
The works of mind or art.

Oh! tell me not that she can be
Content with printed lore,
It does not satisfy her soul,
She longs for something more.

She needs the voice of sympathy,
And kindness all the while,
Her life is lone and desolate
Without a loving smile.

She thirsts for friendship evermore,
As flowers thirst for dew,
She longs for tender, cheering words,
From loved ones, good and true.

Her books may entertain awhile,
And do a worthy part,
But ah! they cannot be her *all*,
They cannot fill her heart.

They oft may cheer a weary hour,
Their charms may ne'er depart;
Yes, books may fill a women's head,
But LOVE must fill her HEART.

WOMAN'S DEVOTION.

Dedicated to the ladies of the Memorial Association of South Carolina, who for the last twelve years, by the means of fairs and other efforts, have been endeavoring to raise a fund for the erection of a monument in honor of the Confederate dead, and who have at last succeeded in their laudable enterprise.

THO' years have passed since that memorable day,
When our boys mustered out in their "jackets of
gray;"

Tho' long have they slept in a warrior's grave,
Fair woman still weeps o'er the gallant, the brave.

Tho' great were the hardships that fell to their lot,
Their deeds and their dangers she hath not forgot;
But long hath she toiled, with a tireless hand,
To honor the valiant, the brave of the land.

Tho' often discouraged, she's banished dismay,
Remembering the toils of our boys in the "gray;"
And now, in a monument, massive and high,
Would prove that her love and devotion ne'er die.

There are those who would tell her to bury the past,
And o'er our brave boys would oblivion cast,
Because in the conflict they gained not the day,
Tho' bravely they fought in their "jackets of gray."

But the heart of true woman never forgets,
Tho' oft it is burdened with care and regrets;

She cannot forsake her defenders, so brave,
But ever will cherish and honor each grave.

She lauds not the conqueror, but favors the right;
She tenders her homage to *virtue*, not *might*,
And raises a monument, lasting and great,
To the time-honored sons of the Palmetto State.

“NOBODY WANTS ME WITH BABY.”

Suggested by a touching incident, related in the Baltimore city papers.

NOBODY wants me with “Baby,”
I’ve wandered the great city o’er,
I’m weary, discouraged, and hopeless,
They’ve turned me away from each door;

From hunger and cold I am drooping,
And weaker am growing each day,
But nobody’ll give me a shelter,
For “Baby” is still in the way.

Ah, nobody wants me with “Baby,”
She’s as lovely and sweet as can be,
But nobody cares for my darling,
Ah, nobody loves her but me;

I’d toil all the more with my cherub,
I’m sure I would earn double pay,
But nobody wants me with Baby,
And so I am driven away.

Many a lady in affluence,
Had she only a treasure like mine,
Would no longer in elegant misery,
In wealth, and in loneliness pine;

But to me, with the greatest of blessings,
There comes but the keenest of woes,
Ah, where can I bury my sorrows,
Oh, where shall I go for repose?

LINES,

Addressed to my sister Clara, on her Twenty-Ninth Birthday.

AND can it be so many years
Of smiles, and sunbeams, clouds, and tears,
Have swiftly glided o'er your head
Since first you graced your cradle bed;

Since that far-back remembered day,
When from my dolls and girlish play,
They called me quick to come and see
What had been brought, they said, for me!

A little sister, wee, wee "new,"
A baby, "sure enough," for true,
With mouth and eyes, with feet and toes,
With fingers too, with hair and nose;

The sweetest, dearest little thing;
I had to dance for joy, and sing,
And thank the strange, mysterious power
That brought to me so fair a flower.—

That happy day I'll ne'er forget,
And how my wits to work were set
To find out how you came, and when,
From heaven or earth, from sea or fen;

And how I questioned young and old,
Who strange conflicting stories told,

Till, in despair, I thought your history
Must e'er remain to me a mystery.

But long, long years since then have flown,
We've wiser, if not better, grown,
For many changing scenes have passed,
Though time has gone so fast, so fast.

The image of that baby face,
Thy little form of wondrous grace,
Is still engraven'd on my mind,
As though an artist had designed,

And painted on fair Memory's sheet
A beauteous rosebud, fresh and sweet.
The bud hath blown into the flower,
Thy charms expand with every hour.—

Oh, may thy life be like the rose,
That *fading* even *sweeter* grows,
That, with its last, expiring breath,
Sends out a fragrance o'er its death.

ON THE DEATH OF A FAVORITE DOG.

YES, "every dog must have his day,"
It matters not how much befriended,
For Dandy, too, has passed away,
His brief sojourn, alas! is ended.

They say no dogs are in the skies,
We'll never see our pet again,
And strange as it may seem to some,
That thought to me is fraught with pain;

For though a dog, yes, but a dog,
He won his share of every heart,
And in his own appointed sphere,
He acted well a faithful part.

I miss his slender, friendly paw,
So often laid upon my knee,
And all those tender, knowing looks,
Imploringly bestowed on me;

Oh, yes, I miss my faithful dog,
Though some may think my weakness strange,
He loved with more than human love,
For *that, alas! is doomed to change.*

How close to me he ever clung,
Through every cross and pettish mood;

A spiteful kick or mild reproof,
Each word and act he understood.

With leaps and bounds he ever came
To welcome home my weary feet,
And watched, as though in search of me,
Each passer-by upon the street.—

How can we spurn such constant love,
Though by a brute that love is given,
Methinks it must be very true,
Akin, perhaps, to that in Heaven;

And Oh, 'tis sad, indeed, to think
That all my grief and tears are vain,
And that my dog, so good and true,
Like me, will *never live again*.

"IN PRISON."

To G. S. Griffith, Esq., President of the Prisoners' Aid Association, and to his noble Colaborers in a great and blessed cause, the following lines, written upon returning home from their Tenth Annual Meeting, are respectfully dedicated.

NOT to the halls of regal grandeur,
Dazzling with resplendant light,
Where the gay and happy mingle,
Where unnumbered charms invite;

But to *prisons*, dark and dreary,
'Mid the sound of clanking chains,
Where are victims crushed and hopeless,
Dyed in sin's polluting stains,

Have you gone, with deeds of mercy,
And with ready, willing feet,
Speaking words of consolation,
Blessed words of comfort sweet;

Showing to the lost and fallen
That no crime can e'er remove
Sinners, though depraved and hardened,
From a Saviour's dying love.

Yes, the diamond, as it glittered
'Neath the gutter's filth and slime,
Have you seen with that discernment
But the gift of Faith sublime,

And the jewel, well nigh hidden,
 Have you brought into the light,
 Where it shines all cleansed and polished,
 With a radiance pure and bright.

Ah, methinks, no richer jewels
 Will adorn your diadem
 Than these very gems you've gathered
 From beneath the feet of men.

Noble band of Christian workers,
 In a great, a hallowed cause,
 By our blessed Lord commissioned,
 Never in your efforts pause;

For *He* did not spurn the *Prison*,
 Ruler of the earth and skies,
 And your hallowed deeds, like incense,
 Ever to His Throne shall rise.

LAY ASIDE THE LITTLE GARMENTS.*

LAY aside the little garments,
Put them gently out of sight,
For they cast upon my spirits
Shadows borrowed from the night;

Put away the little bracelets
That the baby used to wear,
For the very glitter of them
Seems to mock me with its glare;

Take the tiny little slippers,
Lay them, too, as gently by,
For the little feet that wore them
Now beneath the willows lie;

Gather up the little playthings
That she used to love so well,
For she'll never think about them
Where the happy angels dwell;

Leave no relic to remind me
Of our darling cherub, bright,
For my heart seems almost breaking
With her little things in sight.

*After the death of little Hattie, an only daughter, I was often overcome with grief at the sight of her little clothes.

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S LAMENT.

OH, dear! Oh, dear! what must I do?
I'm sometimes vexed, and sometimes blue,
These servants so torment my life,
And make it but a scene of strife.

I'm on the watch both day and night,
A sentinel to keep things right,
Alone my weary steps retrace,
There is no guard to take my place;

I view the gloomy prospect o'er,
And all their grievous ways deplore,
But silently I must endure,
There seems to be no help, or cure;

For if a word is said, Oh, fie!
They'll pack their duds and say good-bye.
Oh, dear! when will my troubles cease,
When shall I have domestic peace!

MAKING A HOLE FOR SANTA CLAUS.

THE night before Christmas, that time of all times,
Much talked of, and read of, and sung of in rhymes,
Had certainly come, for the glimpse of a tree,
Intended for none of the children to see,
He had caught not the less, with his "peepers" of jet,
Which ne'er have been known to miss any thing yet.—
Something was "up" now, beyond any doubt,
For every one moved very strangely about,
So Monnie determined to catch every word,
And, sure enough, something he presently heard
Which set him to thinking, and puzzled him too,
While wits began work as to what he should do.—
Now the hole where the stovepipe had formerly run
In the old-fashion days, ere the "furnace" begun,
Was tightly closed over with paper and paste,
Lest the smoke should escape in the wintery blast.
If Santa Claus comes down the chimney, thought he,
What a terrible thing, what a shame will it be
To find the way closed to himself and his deer,
As though his nice presents were not wanted here;
So watching a chance, with his fist doubled up,
He punched in a hole full the size of a cup.—
Next morning the mischief by each was espied,
And no sooner seen than by each was denied,
When Monnie "owned up," with his statement so true:
"*Why, I made the hole that old Santy got through!*"

How much may we learn from his innocent act,
By clothing his visions in vestments of fact;
Remembering this: that no good e'er departs
When we make for it a "*hole*" in our *hearts*.

“OUT OF DANGER.”

Suggested by the cheering accounts, noticed in “*The Register*,” of the recovery of Governor Hampton from the effects of his recent accident.

“OUT of danger!” God hath hearken’d
To a nation’s earnest call;
To the prayers which have ascended
From the burdened hearts of all.

He hath turned aside the missile
Aimed by Death—relentless foe—
And our brave, beloved Hampton
Hath escaped the fatal blow.

Ah! we’ve trembled, too well knowing
That “Death loves a shining mark,”
And we’ve watched in breathless silence
Life’s uncertain, glimmering spark.

But the flame, though once it flickered,
Brightens with a steadier glow,
And our hearts that sank within us,
Now with gratitude o’erflow.

For we feel that God hath spared him
To our Senate, to our land,
And that He, in loving kindness,
Stayed the great Destroyer’s hand.

"Out of danger!" How the tidings
Filled the nation's heart with joy,
For the love his people bear him
Time or death can ne'er destroy.

•

OH! IS IT STRANGE?

WHEN I think of the weary windings
That await their little feet,
Of the long and rugged pathway,
And the dangers they must meet;
Of the bitter disappointments,
And the many galling tears,
Of all the pains and gathering cares,
The heritage of years;
I look, as through a vista,
To the everlasting hills,
Bathed in eternal sunlight,
And begirt with crystal rills,
And while in fancy lingering
In those Heavenly regions, fair,
It seems that I could almost wish
My "little ones" were there;
Beyond the Tempter's subtle snare,
Beyond the reach of sorrow,
Where human hearts can never ache,
Or dread the coming morrow;
Where death and sickness never come,
Where all is bright and fair.
Oh! is it strange that I could wish
My "little ones" were there?

"OLD LADY BROOMSTICKS."*

"OLD Lady Broomsticks," so wrinkled and brown,
 Searches for rags in a tattered old gown;
 Long hath she trodden the same weary beat,
 Plodding her way through the rain and the sleet;
 While boys often follow with jokes and with tricks,
 And call her, in sporting, "Old Lady Broomsticks;"
 For plainly discerned are her stockingless legs,
 So bony and stiff, they remind you of pegs;
 With cast-away shoes, scarce concealing her feet,
 'Tis thus the old lady traverses the street.—
 I cannot indulge with the boys in their glee,
 When "Old Lady Broomsticks," bent over, I see,
 With her rags in a bundle, swung over her back,
 As she picks in each corner and scans every track;
 For pity with me takes the place of their mirth,
 When I think of the poor, and the sorrows of earth.—
 I wonder, while viewing her beggarly ways,
 If e'er she has known what they call "better days,"
 If ever the heart 'neath that faded old shawl
 Hath known aught of joy or of gladness at all;
 I wonder if noble impulses e'er rise
 In its wearisome beatings, concealed from all eyes—
 Ah! yes, even now, in God's pitying sight,
 "Old Broomsticks" may glitter a jewel as bright
 As the gems on the hands of the fair passer-by,
 Who throws her a penny to silence her cry;
 Ah! yes, and a crown may encircle her head,

When that bony old frame is consigned to the dead;
While many who pass her in gorgeous array,
Who frown on her coldly and drive her away,
May look from the depths of the "bottomless" cell
To "Broomsticks" in Heaven—to "Broomsticks" from
Hell.

* A poor old rag-picker, frequently seen from my window.

BLOSSOMS.

Affectionately inscribed to my old friend and schoolmate, Miss
Susie T. Harris, of Georgia.

BLOSSOMS, sweet blossoms, yes, beautiful flowers
 Bloomed, evermore, through the bright sunny
 hours,
In the morning of life, when, hopeful and free,
The world seemed so charming to you, and to me.

I think of those bright happy days of the past,
So transient, so fleeting, too joyous to last;
 The flowers have withered, no longer they bloom,
 But have they not left us their sweetest perfume;

Oh, does not their fragrance still cling to each heart
In sweet, tender memories which ne'er can depart?
 Which ever will cheer in the weariest hours
 That come with their thorns — *only thorns*, without
 flowers.

Oh, may we not hope that the germ is not dead,
That though they have withered all life hath not fled;
 Oh! may not fresh flowers of joy and of love
 Yet bloom for us both in the regions above?

In that genial clime where our youth is renewed,
Where nothing shall fade—where cares ne'er intrude.
 Oh! may we yet cull from perennial bowers
 Brighter, and sweeter, far lovelier flowers.

THE MISER'S DYING THOUGHTS.

I'VE never soothed the widow's wail,
Or orphan's bitter cry;
I've never wiped away a tear,
Or hushed a mournful sigh;
I've never thrown a cheerful ray
Of consolation's light
Into a heart made desolate
By death's untimely blight;

Nor heard the tongue of innocence
My coming footsteps bless,
Or ever felt, around my neck,
A little one's caress;
I've toiled through many changing years,
And lived upon a crust,
I've robbed the starving child of want
To gather "shining dust;"

I've trod life's weary way alone,
Of social joys denied,
And never dared a scanty meal
With others to divide;
I've felt the stings of poverty,
And shivered with the cold
While sitting on my iron chest,
Filled up with yellow gold;

I've wrung the heart of honest toil
To heap the glittering dust,
And sought to put it far beyond
The reach of "moth and rust;"
I've never wrought in friendship's chain
A single golden link,
Or heard in music sweeter strains
Than silver's ringing clink.

Long years ago, in vigorous youth,
My life and strength I sold,
My trusting heart, my soul, my all,
To bright, deceptive gold;
But Death has seized my vitals now,
Ah! what avails my gain?
I call upon my golden God,
But cry, alas! in vain.

My pulse is growing weaker now,
And sight is failing fast,
I feel the sweat upon my brow,
"The gulf will soon be passed."
No tear of sympathy will fall
Upon my lonely grave,
I've none on earth to weep for me,
And none beyond to save.—
Oh! millions, millions, worthless now,
How great hath been thy cost,
Bought with a *soul*, immortal soul,
I'm lost! I'm lost! I'm lost!

"A PRINCELY MANSION."

Suggested by reading, in the "Charleston Journal of Commerce," a description of the handsome residence of Mr. George W. Williams, and affectionately inscribed to the "Merchant Prince."

A HAPPY home, God's dearest gift in life,
Save one, a noble, true, and loving wife,
Whose "children call her blessed," whilst they "rise,"
Like flowers fair, beneath the genial skies.

Blest is thy lot indeed, for to thy share
Hath fallen *both* these earthly blessings, rare;
And on each crested wave hath ever smiled
Fair Fortune. False hope hath ne'er beguiled,

With lights deceptive, thy well freighted barque
Into the maelstrom, o'er the waters dark;
But bravely hast thou steered where others, tossed
On stormy seas, have been forever lost.—

May blessings still descend upon thy home,
Outnumbering countless stars in Heaven's dome,
And may thy life be spared long to enjoy
Thy princely home; nor may thy pleasures cloy,

Till called from earth to Heaven; Oh! mayest thou rise
To that *eternal* "Mansion" in the skies,
Whose golden grandeur ne'er shall know decay,
When man's sublimest works have passed away.

THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE.

THE "wheel of fortune," in its mystic turn,
What valued lessons may we ever learn,
While gazing on its revolutions strange,
Its motion ceaseless in its boundless range.

In wonder oft its golden tire we scan,
Where destiny hath bound the fate of man,
Where each, thus fettered, still must rise or fall,
The rich, the poor, the wise, the great, the small.

Amazed we look, all lost in mute surprise,
To see the child of want to affluence rise;
But blind, ungrateful, filled with human zeal,
Too oft forget that God hath turned the wheel,

And vaguely give to "Chance" that homage due
To Him, who e'en our hairs hath numbered true;
Who notes the sparrow in his flight or fall,
And with His watchful eye beholdeth all.

Oh, fortune's busy wheel; I've watched it long,
And now its latest turn would tell in song;
For, in my story much of good there lies,
We see the fall of man—behold his rise.

Some eighteen months ago, a worthy pair,
Blest with two sons and little daughter fair,

Though much of good they'd known, had sunken low,
While fortune's wheel had turned from weal to woe.

They bravely struggled on through weary days,
But often questioned God's mysterious ways;
Whilst o'er them hung the constant harrowing dread
Of little ones, so dear, in want of bread.

So dark in poverty seemed life and earth,
That, tempted e'en to curse the day of birth,
They scarcely thought to dream of brighter days,
Or heavenward dared their drooping eyes to raise.—

But, lo! how changed the scene; the wheel now turns,
The heart o'er dying hopes no longer yearns;
Assembled friends rejoice, for on this night,
In costly fine array and jewels bright,

In brown-stone mansion, now their *own* new home,
No more all shelterless and sad they roam;
To favored guests are opened wide the door,
No longer friendless, and no longer poor.

Let those take courage, who are under now,
Though cares oppress, and shadows cloud the brow,
The wheel still turns; perchance they yet may rise,
As oft hath done the poor, the great, the wise.

GROWING OLD TOGETHER.

Suggested by seeing an Aged Couple at Church.

GROWN old and gray together
In life's chameleon scene,
And bending each, like willows droop
Beneath their fringe of green—

Two lives so strangely blended
That indeed they seem but one;
Two streams have flown together
Till they've almost ceased to run;

Till they've nearly reached the ocean
Which o'erspreads the shore of time,
Where human lives are swallowed up,
From every land and clime.

Grown old and gray together!
'Tis said they "met by chance,"
Yet their life has been no fable,
Only colored by romance;

They've borne each other's "burdens,"
And the grief that made him sigh
Left a thorn within her bosom,
And a tear-drop in her eye.

They've shared each other's fleeting joys,
As roses of like hue,

That grow together on one stem,
Share each the crystal dew.

Grown old and gray together,
Life's picture well nigh drawn;
We view it at a single glance,
The noon-day, night, and morn;

The wedding scene, the merry throng,
The groom, and blushing bride,
And then the many, many scenes
Upon the "darker side;"

The "olive plants" that one by one
Sprang up along the way,
That budded into vernal life,
And withered with decay.—

Grown old and gray together,
They'll soon their youth renew,
And join their hands forever
Where all is bright and true.

They'll linger at eternal springs,
Where everlasting day
Sheds brightness o'er their silvery locks,
Of earth besprinkled gray.

They'll live and walk together
O'er the streets of shining gold;
And, wedded in a *holier* love,
They'll never more grow "*old*."

THE CONFEDERATE DEAD.

(Written at the close of the War.)

A SIMPLE board of rough, ill-shapen pine,
O'errun, perchance, by some tenacious vine,
Placed by some friendly hand above each head,
Is all that marks our brave Confederate dead.

No epitaph, save now and then, "*Unknown*,"
Carved rudely on some unpretending stone;
No towering shaft, with flattering words inlaid,
Casts o'er our slain its proud imperial shade.

But can the skillful hand of polished Art
To worth unsullied one more charm impart,
Bequeath to hallowed dust a sweeter rest,
Or make their names more honored or more blest?

Though monumental stone should never rise
To tell the world where fallen valour lies,
Each heart erects its own immortal shrine,
And there inscribes him attributes divine.

We need no piles of sculptured marble gray,
To tell us where the Southern soldier lay,
For roses cluster o'er his grassy bed,
And 'round the spot their sweetest fragrance shed.

Embedded there by woman's virtuous hand,
Sweet emblems of our own bright sunny land,

Could flowers fair for better purpose bloom
Than to adorn the Southern soldier's tomb?

Brave heroes of a "lost," but sacred cause,
Though now withheld their well-deserved applause,
Impartial History must in time grow bold,—
Their virtues and their deeds will yet be told.

Poets will linger on the blood-dyed plains,
And chant above our lost their sweetest strains;
Confederate dead will yet survive in song,
Nor shall their glorious deeds be hidden long;

Fair daughters of our balmy clime will bring
Their floral offerings with each coming Spring,
Entwine a wreath around each humble grave—
A loving tribute to our sleeping brave.

Though in the struggle triumph crowned the "strong,"
'Tis not to strength that honour should belong;
He most deserves it who most nobly gave
His life, his "all," his Country's rights to save,—

Who fought not through a selfish love of gain,
Spurned rank or "bounty," and shrank not from pain;
'Twas but to save wife, children, home, and pride,
The Southern soldier battled, bled, and died.

Their cause was noble, and their deeds sublime,
Their just reward is held in trust by Time;
She must, and will, at last bestow the prize,
For worth immortal never, never dies.

ST. MICHAEL'S BELLS.

On returning to Charleston, after the late War, we were impressed with the solemn silence which reigned throughout the City, on the Sabbath, and reverting to the days when, as a school girl, we sojourned there, and listened, with delight, to the music of the bells which had been removed from the different churches, and moulded into cannon, the painful contrast suggested to our mind the little poem, entitled, *The Missing Bells*; and the replacing of the Chime, in St. Michael's steeple, gave rise to, *A Welcome to the Bells*. We give, in connection with this subject, the *very remarkable* and interesting history of St. Michael's Bells, before, and since the War, written in a most entertaining style, by the eldest daughter of Hon. James L. Petigru, and used by her permission.

"Very dear to the people of Charleston, South Carolina, is St. Michael's Church, in that city, which is said to have been built after a model furnished by Sir Christopher Wren, and copied from St. Martin's, in the Fields, London. The likeness to St. Martin's is so strong that no Charlestonian, on coming to London, needs have that church pointed out.

The spire of St. Michael's, however, is much the more beautiful. Any one who has seen it would remember the church, with its old-fashioned mahogany pulpit and great brass chandeliers, and high-back mahogany pews; where the devout might pray, and the careless sleep unseen. But chiefly were the people proud of their bells. There was no such chime in the colony when they were hung, and after they had changed their tune of "God save the King" for "Yankee Doodle," there never were any bells in New-York or Boston that came up to them in their Fourth of July performance. Of all the works of man's hands, there is none which seems to have such a life of its own as bells. How they sympathize with the people, giving voice to their joys, and their sorrows! And how, sometimes like mocking spirits, they urge the mad fury of the mob with peals of vengeance, and triumph, which in the ears of the wiser few, are a knell of despair.

When the British took Charleston, in 1780, they stabled their horses in the church, and, unhooking the bells, sent them off to London,

where they were dumped on the Tower wharf, and left unnoticed for many years. At last, the vestry of St. Michael's received a letter bidding them expect their bells by a certain ship sailing from London. The people went in procession to bring up, from the ship, their beloved bells, which they had never hoped to listen to again; and, with prayers and thanksgiving, they were replaced in the church tower. The pious benefactor never made himself known, but he was supposed to have been some British officer, who had been at the taking of Charleston. For seventy years did those bells regulate the social life of the city. For not only did they call to worship, and celebrate all occasions of public joy and sorrow, but nightly they rang a curfew which ruled every-body's movements. It was intended to warn the negroes home at nine o'clock, in winter, ten in summer; after that hour they might not go into the streets without a written pass. The nimble negro often eluded statute, giving leg-bail to the "guardman", but the whites put themselves under the rule, of their own accord. All visitors were expected to take leave at bell-ring, and they punctually departed at the same moment that Cuffy was brushing along to gain his gate before the tap of the drum should make him amenable to the law against strollers "after hours" as it was called.

It would not suit this sketch to recall the memories of the day when the United States flag, lowered from Fort Sumter, was brought up to the city; amid a hush so general, one might have thought the people repented of their rash act, till some one ordered the bells to ring a mad clangor, and with shouts of exultation they drowned the voice that still warned them to forbear.

Time went on, and Charleston, behind her defences of sand, resisted all the efforts to carry her. During the five hundred and forty six days of bombardment all the lower part of the town had to be abandoned. Houses and churches were shattered; the cannon balls tore up the very graveyards, and the bones of the dead were scattered. Yet the spire of St. Michael's was untouched. Perhaps the cannon-eers tried to spare it--perhaps good angels guarded it. But, what neither the malice of the enemy nor the spite of Fortune did, the people themselves effected. For the bells were taken down, and sent to Columbia, to be cast into cannon. Gen. Beauregard, perhaps shocked at the desecration, pronounced them unfit for the purpose; and the fate, which heaped up at Columbia for safekeeping every thing of value in the State, there, detained the bells also. When Sherman's

army passed through, leaving its track as of lightning, a party of half drunken soldiers, out for a lark and for plunder, were accosted by a negro who offered to show them the bells which had rang in secession. "Never," said the men, "shall they play that tune again," and they smashed them into a hundred pieces. Sad was the return to the desolated homes, and the meetings in the dumb church, to which no miracle might now restore the voice of the chimes they loved.

But they were men of pluck still, and as soon as they had shaken themselves up, and provided for the first pressing needs, they resolved to tax themselves to the utmost to get a new chime. Scarcely had the rector bread, and the vestry and congregation were all very poor, but they wrote to C. K. Prioleau, of London, to inquire the cost of a new set. This gentleman had lived so long in England, as to have become almost an Englishman, with a fair English wife, and bluff, handsome English children, but his heart stirred at the recollection of the dear old voices that had called him in childhood, and he undertook the task with a loving zeal that brought about the most surprising results. There was no record, at Charleston, of where the bells came from. But Mr. Prioleau searched the directory for the oldest founders of the city, and went from one to the other, until at Meares & Co, White Chapel, London, a firm which had been in existence three hundred years, he found, by patient examination, the mould of the bells cast for St. Michael's church, Charleston, S. C., in 1759. The proportions of the metal, and sizes of the bells were all entered in the books, and the present Meares engaged to turn out a new set which, when hung, should make the Charlestonians themselves think they heard their veritable old bells. But Mr. Prioleau was not content with this; he wrote back to have all the fragments that could be found sent out, and this was done. Meanwhile, Meares found still in their service, an old man of seventy-six who had been an apprentice under the very foreman, who, more than a hundred years before, had cast these bells; and he, stimulated by Prioleau's generosity, never rested till he brought to light the very original moulds for the castings. Into them the new metal was melted, with careful distribution of the broken fragments, so as to make the illusion a reality. All that was wanting to make up the cost, Mr. Prioleau added, and the reward of his perseverance and generosity was to send to the vestry these new bells, which are the very old ones still. Again did the congregation, with tears and thanksgiving,

receive the bells from this, their *fifth voyage across the Atlantic*, and hung them up in St. Michael's steeple.

May they never again be removed by the rough hand of War, or ever sound aught but "peace on earth, and good-will toward men."

THE MISSING BELLS.

WE miss the bells with their tones sublime,
And the mellow notes of St. Michael's chime;
For the Sabbath's come as they came of yore,
But the Sabbath bells are heard no more;

A stillness reigns o'er the city now,
And the prayerful throngs in silence bow;
When the holy light of the Sabbath morn
Is ushered in with a rosy dawn.

No music floats on the passing gale,
But the missing bells tell a sad, sad tale;
For their strains were lost in the cannon's roar,
And the Sabbath bells are bells no more.

They muttered loud, with a smoky breath,
On the battle fields, 'mid the scenes of death,
The same soft bells that had sounded praise
From the steeple tops, in our peaceful days.

Oh, soon may the solemn silence cease,
And the bells re-echo the notes of peace,
May our hearts once more with their music thrill,
And beat responsive to love and "good will."

A WELCOME TO ST. MICHAEL'S BELLS.

WELCOME, with your mellow chimes,
Joyous bells of happier times,
Silence now resigns her reign
To thy soft, harmonious strain;

May thy music cease no more,
Strike as in the days of yore,
Let our hearts rejoice again,
Long we've missed thy cheering strain.

Welcome, welcome, Sabbath bells,
For with praise each bosom swells,
As thy tones, with sacred air,
Call us to the house of prayer.

Since thy thrilling peals were hushed,
Hopes have withered, hearts been crushed,
Other bells have sounded clear,
Death knells o'er the soldier's bier.

But those bloody days have passed,
Silent is the warrior's blast,
Now, across the ocean's foam,
Welcome to thy peaceful home;

Cease no more thy soothing chime,
Echo on through coming time,
When we've breathed our latest vow,
Ring on, ring on, sweet bells as now.

TO PRESIDENT DAVIS IN PRISON.

(Written at the close of the War, in 1866.)

“THE land we love,” no longer free,
Is like thy prison home,
No brightness left save that which shines
Still in the sun-lit dome;
Thy people weep o’er blasted hopes,
And gallant heroes dead,
But for their brave and captive Chief
Their bitterest tears are shed.

They think about thy fragile form,
So wasted by disease,
And how thy life is ebbing out
By slow and sure degrees,
And fervently their prayers ascend
That Justice may prevail,
And speak to thee a sweet release
Ere all thy strength shall fail;

And children, in “the land we love,”
Are taught to think of thee,
And lisp a prayer for thy release
About the mother’s knee.
Yes, generations yet unborn
Shall honor, still, thy name,

And place it, with the good and great,
Upon the roll of Fame;

We'll cherish it, a "house-hold word,"
And in our hearts shall dwell
The memory of thy sufferings
Within thy prison cell;
The insults heaped upon thy head,
Thy people long shall feel,
And years an inward sense of wrong
Shall evermore reveal.

Time, with its moderating power,
Must soon avenge thy wrongs,
And place the stigma of disgrace
Where infamy belongs;
Nor shall the breath of slander dim
Thy fair escutcheon, bright,
When Justice sits upon the throne,
And lends an ear to Right.

Should earthly rulers yet refuse
Thy just defense to hear,
And hasten on, in prison cells,
The end of thy career,
There 'waits for thee a trial fair
Before Jehovah's Throne,
Where false accusers dare not come,
And Justice reigns alone;

The Judge Supreme of all the world,
Shall there pronounce thee clear,

The sentence, now deferred by man,
 Shall greet thy longing ear;
Acquitted, by angelic hosts,
 Shall be proclaimed in Heaven,
And justice, long denied on earth,
 Shall *there*, at last, be given.

THEY TELL ME THAT SHE'S "BETTER OFF."

THEY tell me that she's "*better off*,"
An angel robed in white,
But does it fill the empty crib,
Or make the household bright?

They say her voice is ringing clear
'Mid the celestial throng,
But do we miss its music less,
Tho' attuned to sweeter song?

They say that in her happy home
No sorrow she'll e'er know,
But does it roll the weight of grief
From heavy hearts below?

They tell me that we'll meet again
Where parting will be o'er,
But does it make our sorrow less,
Or make our gladness more?

The sun in splendor sinks to rest,
He sets to rise again,
But does the hope of his return
Drive darkness from the plain?

The roses die when Summer goes,
They fade to bloom again,

But does the thought of coming Spring
Enliven Winter's reign?

Ah, no! 'tis but the humble prayer,
Oh, Father! "*not my will,*"
That brings a comfort to the heart,
And whispers, "*Peace, be still.*"

THE RUINS OF MY ALMA-MATER.

The Madison Female College was destroyed by fire in 1865.

A PILE of bricks in scattered fragments lie,
And scarce attract the casual passer-by,
Save when, perchance, a stranger may inquire
If such destruction is the work of fire;
But when the crumbling ruins meet my gaze
They call up mingled scenes of by-gone days.—
I see a timid girl, just ten and three,
With dress, in length, a little past the knee,
A neat white apron, made of muslin check,
With fluted frills around the sleeves and neck,
Morocco shoes, with pantalets above,
A string of coral beads, and worsted glove,
Whose parents, fond, to store her head with knowledge,
Have sent her off from home to enter college.—
A day of fearful trial comes at last,
The dreaded ordeal must now be passed,
With trembling step, and blushing face she goes
To tell the wise professors all she knows.—
I see them now, a body grave and stern,
With wisdom more than common people learn,
As clad in all the majesty of ease,
They sit, some upright, others crossing knees,
While “knowing looks” are fitted to each face
With such exact, and scientific grace,
That timid students, each alike dismayed,

Shrink from their gaze like guilty thieves betrayed.
The Presidential nod at length is given,
The victim into deep despair is driven,
A book is opened at the "*hardest*" place,
And now proceeds the all important case:
The teacher calls for rules in vulgar fractions,
Is answered by a face of odd contractions;
He then propounds a simple mental sum,
Which strikes the frightened pupil almost dumb;
He takes up parsing, and selects a word,
The tortured novice ne'er before has heard.—
Now what is John, he asks in accents tame;
She sums up courage to reply, "a name,"
But whether verb, or noun, she cannot tell,
Though once the lesson was recited well.—
At length, with many a nervous jerk and stammer,
She goes through spelling, reading, sums, and grammar,
And when about to faint, well nigh expire,
Receives permission, gladly, to retire.—
The Faculty, with practiced, quick insight,
Tell at a glance, the scholar dull, or bright,
Without delay the dreaded sentence pass,
Which now assigns her to the Freshman class.

Now through my mind, in quick succession, pass
The fresh and smiling faces of each class,
And, half unconsciously, I turn to hear
The merry tones that used to greet my ear.
Some noisy groups engage in girlish play,
While others, less inclined to frolics gay,
With friendly arms around each others waist,
Relate their secrets in suspicious haste,

Lest some intruder, passing by too near,
Should catch a word she was not meant to hear;
While some of more ambitious, studious turn,
Select the shade, and try the task to learn.—
The chapel bell now strikes the clear death-knell
To school-girl pleasures, for a weary spell.
When recess comes, with counterfeited ease,
They each grow bold by cautious, slow degrees,
And some, more mischievous, will even dare
To tease the teacher, with a playful air;
Conscious of honor, and supremely blest,
If, condescending, he returns the jest.—

But time rolls on, and through each passing year,
Sometimes, among the smiles, I count a tear;
The visits home, the sadness sure to follow,
The “box of goodies” to console the scholar,
The pretty garments, just sent by express,
The ardent pleasure which she finds in dress,
The lessons, learned in haste, just to be “said,”
And then as quickly banished from the head;
A thousand little foolish, school-girl ways,
A thousand tender thoughts of early days,
Rush through my mind with such confusing haste,
Each one departs as though by others chased.
How vividly returns the festive day
Which yearly brought, in crowds, observers gay,
With kin of either sex, and every age,
To see the college girls upon the stage.
Long weeks of constant study and review,
Rehearsals often, and a great “ado,”
The consultations and decisions rash,

About the color of the dress or sash,
A crowd of frightened girls, in one long row,
A sober "Board of Visitors" below,
The grave professor, with an anxious look,
Inviting some one to receive his book,
And prove that none with cunning tricks or arts
Have managed to select and learn their "*parts*."
The bustle and the mirth of Concert night,
The rostrum filled with girls arrayed in white,
The strains of music trembling on the air,
The bouquets thrown as tributes to the fair,
The restless, dense, and variegated crowd,
A moment silent, and now buzzing loud,
The tedious solo, and the long applause,
The urchins thumping, ignorant of the cause,
Commencement-day, when crowds of people meet
An hour too soon just to secure a seat,
When hopeful girls bid college walls adieu,
And make upon the stage a grand "*debut*."

I see just thirteen girls, ten years ago,
Their faces burning with excitement's glow,
Each one arrayed in muslin robes of white,
Their timid hearts pulsating quick with fright,
Each panting breath suppressed by smothered sighs,
Which all, despite of bitten lips, would rise.
They wait, with essays each in trembling hand,
Before the brilliant audience to stand,
And read the effort which, with painful care,
They've many weeks endeavored to prepare.
The neat diploma, tied with ribbon blue,
The farewell kiss, the lingering, fond adieu,

The broken ties of love, the scattered class,
Are each reflected now in memory's glass.

I think of *one*,* a desk-mate fond and true,

Who shared my transient joys and sorrows too;
She early took the marriage vow and died,
Nor lived but one short year a happy bride.

Another† quickly followed to the tomb,

Who left us first to cheer her chosen groom.
Time, rolling on, has changed each blushing maid
Into a mother and a matron staid,

Yet oft amid the scenes of busy strife,

We think of those we loved in early life.

School friendships pure, suspecting naught of wrong,
Forever last, and are forever strong.

Our teachers claim a portion of the heart,

When other friendships fitfully depart;

We thank them now for what they once denied,
And lavish praise where once we used to chide.

I think of four long years of college life,

Of those who led me through its tedious strife,

Now scattered far, to work in other fields,

To reap rewards which useful labor yields.—

I think of *one*,‡ whose virtues few could share,

The *first* to fill the Presidential chair,

Whose mighty mind spoke through his piercing eye,

Whose noble deeds can never, never die;

Tho' gone from earth, each pupil holds him dear,

And memory pays the tribute of a tear.

Long had I hoped those college walls might stand,
Resist the stroke of Time's destroying hand,

And echo with the ringing peals of mirth
From generations yet unborn to earth;
Had even thought my great-grandchildren might,
When long mine eyes had closed on earthly light,
Point to their offspring, eager each to see
Where great-great-grandma learned the "rule of
three."
O, is it strange, when passing by the spot,
The scenes of childhood cannot be forgot,
That ever sadly I should turn mine eye,
And o'er my ruined Alma-Mater sigh!

* Mrs. F. Pharr, née Oliver.

† Mrs. E. Pharr, née Meriwether.

‡ Rev. L. L. Wittich.

THE ROSE OF COLUMBIA.

Suggested by the following statement, noticed in the "Columbia Register": "There is a rose bush in Columbia which ceased to bloom when Sherman burned the city, and never bloomed again till Hampton was declared Governor."

QUEEN of gardens, beauteous flower,
Fair and sympathetic rose,
In the midst of desolation,
Thou art touched by human woes.

Thou hast seen our gloom and sorrow,
And hath bid thy petals close,
For thou wouldst not seem to mock us
With thy bloom, Oh, beauteous rose.

Thou hast sent no breath of sweetness,
Out upon the trembling air,
For thou wouldst not mingle fragrance
With the moanings of despair:

Flowers, fair, may stoop to cluster
O'er the soldiers honored grave,
Yet, they may not bloom so fitly
O'er the thralldom of the brave.

Oh, there is a sorrow greater
Than the ceasing of the breath,
Ah, there is a doom that's darker
To the proud, and brave, than death.

Whilst so long hath rested on us,
Like a pall, this fearful doom,
Thou hast held thy breath in silence,
Thou hast ceased to smile and bloom.

But a brighter day is dawning,
For thy buds, prophetic rose,
Tell us that this night of sorrow
Draweth to a joyous close.

Yes, thy bloom foretells our triumph,
As thy drooping marked our woes.—
Fade no more, Oh! wondrous flower,—
Bloom forever, beauteous rose!

A CHILD'S QUERY.*

WILL I soil my clothes, dear mother,
When I play in yonder sky,
Where it looks so bright and shining,
Where they say the angels fly?

If the beautiful streets are golden,
Is the dust a gold dust too,
Will it stick to my feet in Heaven,
And my snowy robes so new?

Will Jesus scold me, mother,
When I play o'er the shining way,
And frown and call me naughty,
As you have done to-day?

Oh! tell me of Heaven, mother,
For I wish that I could die,
I can't be good in this old world,
No matter how I try.—

MOTHER.

I'll tell thee, my child, of a numberless throng,
Who once dwelt in this weary world too,
Tribulations, and sorrows, and doubtings, and fears,
'Tis said that they all struggled through.

With a "muck-rake" they gathered the trash of
the earth,

With "lucre," so "filthy," they played,
And oft from their Father, who watched from
above,

Into sin and delusions they strayed.

In the "slough of despond" 'tis said that they fell,
That their feet often slipped in the "mire,"
That oft they were mangled, and bleeding from
thorns,

Or scorched in a "furnace" of "fire."

But the journey so rough from beginning to end,
So full of its "ups and its downs,"

Was ended in triumph, and now on their heads
Are shining their glittering "crowns;"

For these are they, in a "multitude" great,
With faces so radiant and calm,

Who have "washed their robes, and made them
white,"

In the precious "blood of the Lamb."

Oh! may you appear in this numberless throng

When time with its conflicts is o'er,

Your garments all washed in the "blood of the
Lamb,"

To be soiled and polluted no more.

* Little George, on coming in from play, was reproved for soiling his clothes; in tearful repentance he threw himself on a lounge, and gazing, through an open window, upon the beautiful sun-set clouds, exclaimed: "Oh! mama, will I soil my clothes in Heaven?"

LINES,

On strewing the soldiers' graves with flowers, by the Ladies of
Madison, Georgia, April 23th, 1866.

NEGLECTED were the soldiers' graves;
They seemed almost forgot,
But when the Spring with flowers came,
We sought the lonely spot;
For woman's heart was never known
To once forget the brave,
Her ready hands to gallant worth
A tribute ever gave.

There, with their comrades, side by side,
Each sleeping soldier lay
As closely as they once had stood
Upon the battle day.—
We thought about the soldier's toils,
His idle dreams of fame,
And quick, before our Fancy's eye,
A life-like picture came.

We saw him when so full of hope,
In uniform of gray,
He snatched his gun, with eager hand,
In haste to be away.
Ho! comrades, hurry to the spot
Where all with spirits gay

Are quickly falling into ranks
Now soon to march away;

The drum is heard, the muskets gleam,
The colors proudly wave;
Some go to meet a speedy death,
All go to battle brave.—
We saw him grasp his mother's hand,
And turn away his eye,
Lest some one should discern a tear.—
He stammered out "good-bye."

A father's trembling arms are thrown
Around his manly form,
And though his heart is heaving wild,
He strives to quell the storm;
But when a sister's bursting sobs
Are echoed in his breast,
His manhood can resist no more,
He *weeps* among the rest.

The servants gather 'round the door,
With tearful eyes they stand,
Each eager too, to say "good-bye,"
And grasp "*young massa's*" hand.
The tender "God-bless," spoke in sobs,
Which falls upon his ear,
Will ne'er be heard to come again
From bosoms more sincere.—

We saw him at the busy camp,
With uncomplaining air,

Attending to each duty's call,
Content with scanty fare.—
We saw him break, with nervous haste,
A seal, in silent joy,
For 'tis a letter, mother dear,
Has written to her boy.—

We saw him too, with marble brow,
Upon his narrow bed,
The soldier, far away from home,
Was numbered with the dead.
He suffered, none will ever know
The anguish of his breast,
Or how he sighed to be once more
By loving ones caressed.—

They rest beneath our friendly soil,
Each in his humble grave,
No dust has ever covered men
More gallant or more brave.
Perhaps an "only son" is there,
Some mother's "darling pride,"
Who'll never smile with joy again,
Because her idol died;

Perhaps a husband's heart is cold,
A brother's tongue is hushed,
Some lover sleeps beneath that soil,
Some maiden's hopes are crushed.—
We placed upon each lowly grave
A freshly gathered wreath,
And thought about the mouldering form
That lay so still beneath;

Then, glancing up with tearful eye,
And hearts that swelled with love,
We thought about the soul that smiled
Upon us from above;
And as we sadly turned away
We breathed a silent prayer,
And promised each returning Spring
To scatter flowers there.

NEVER DESPAIR.

“**N**IL *desperandum!*” O, never despair!
While the smoke of the battle becloudeth the air,
For the victory ’s oft won at a life’s given cost,
Tho’ in the fierce conflict ’twere seemingly lost.

Hope on forever! O, never despair,
While the frost of the winter is chilling the air,
For the spring bringeth buds, which were seemingly
dead;
They bloom into life ’neath her fairy-like tread.

If tempted to falter! O, never despair!
Tho’ the night be so dark, while the sun-set was fair,
For the morning will dawn with a roseate light,
And joyously scatter the shadows of night.

Gather up courage! O, never despair!
While there’s breath, let us take in the life-giving air,
Though the pulse may be sinking, it oft hath run high,
While the angel of death was still hovering nigh.

Never despair! O, never despair!
Though we faint in the race, for it endeth not there,
Our Saviour once sank ’neath the weight of the Cross,
Yet the blood-stains of Calvary betoken no loss.

Though often we sink 'neath the burden of care,
And Hope, cheated oft, seems to gasp in despair,
Let "*nil desperandum*," our motto through life,
Be inscribed on our tomb when hath ended the strife.

MY LITTLE BLUE-EYED BOY.*

IT is not long I've called thee mine,
My little blue-eyed boy,
But thou hast touched a silent chord,
And taught me what is joy;

It is not long since thou wast given
A blessing from above,
But thou hast stirred a hidden spring,
And taught me what is love.

Long have I heard, my blue-eyed boy,
Of something known as bliss,
And thou hast taught me that its germ
Lies in a mother's kiss.

It is not long, my blue-eyed boy,
A mother's love I've known,
But sunshine thou hast brought my heart,
And treasures all mine own;

Yes, thou hast brought me riches too,
As well as hope and joy,
And I am doting on my prize,
My little blue-eyed boy;

For rubies, pearls, and gold are mine,
And lovely flowers too,

Mine are the lily and the rose,
The violet so blue;

The ruby sparkles on thy lips,
The gold shines in thy hair,
And pearls are hidden in thy mouth
Till smiles reveal them there;

The roses bloom upon thy cheek,
The violets in thine eye,
And soft on thy expanding brow
The snowy lilies lie;

But Time, my little blue-eyed boy,
Will steal thy gems and flowers,
She changes all that's bright and fair
In this dark world of ours;

The lilies on thy noble brow
Will turn to olive there,
When manhood settles on thy face,
And shades them with its care;

The roses blushing on thy cheek
Will only bloom awhile,
They'll wither too, when Time withdraws
The sunshine of thy smile;

And o'er thy life, my blue-eyed boy,
Cloud after cloud will rise,
Until their darkest hues will be
Reflected in thine eyes;

And Time will take thy rubies too,
Nor e'en a pearl forget,
And with her tawny fingers turn
Thy golden locks to jet.

And then, perchance, she'll bear thee on
Through scenes of age and woe,
And turn thy jetty locks again
To flakes of drifted snow;

But Time may wither all thy bloom,
Or Death transplant the vine,
And yet, my little blue-eyed boy,
I'll ever call thee mine.—

I see thee chase the butterfly,
With painted wings, so gay,
And weep because the pretty thing
So quickly flies away;

And then I look, my blue-eyed boy,
Upon thy future skies,
And think how soon thy hopes and joys
Will turn to butterflies;

I see thee drop the crystal tear
Upon thy broken toys,
But, ah! you'll shed more galling ones
Upon thy wasted joys.

The dew that sparkles on the rose
Sheds tears afresh each day,

But sunbeams quite as often kiss
The glist'ning drops away;

Thus tears upon thy rosy cheek
May gently rest awhile,
But linger scarce a moment there
Beneath thy sunny smile;

But when thy smiles grow faint and few,
And sad becomes thy face,
Thy tears will linger on thy cheek,
And leave a deeper trace.

I fain would dry thy transient tears,
And see thee ever bright,
For, ah! too soon, my blue-eyed boy,
Will hasten on thy night.

I fain would make, my blue-eyed boy,
The clouds above thee blue,
And o'er thy winding path through life
Would thornless roses strew;

But should the clouds of darkness rise,
And rugged be the way,
May God provide thee with a strength
Sufficient to thy day;

Ere sin hath gained its sway, supreme,
May thou "*again*" be "*born*,"
And may the close of life's short day
Be brighter than its morn.

*Frank, my "first-born."

SYMPATHY.

O H, could I banish sorrow
From that aching heart of thine,
How soon it would dispel the gloom,
The heaviness of mine;

How soon I would forget my woes,
Could I but bring thee joy;
A blessing which the hand of Death,
Or Time could ne'er destroy.

I'd gladly share the "ills" of "flesh,"
Nor mind the ceaseless strife,
If only I could bear the woes
That come to thee in life,

And, even in the darkest hour,
Would feel supremely blest,
Could I but know that hope was thine,
And joy was in thy breast.

ONCE I LOVED THE "CONQUERED
BANNER."

(Written at the close of the War.)

ONCE I loved the "conquered banner,"
When its colors floated high,
And I saw them gently "furl it"
With a sad and tearful eye;

For the noblest of our country
Stood beneath its silken fold,
And the story of oppression
Every flutter of it told.

Once I loved the "conquered banner,"
Proudly on it bent my gaze,
For it spoke to me of freedom,
And betokened happier days.

Now, I love the "conquered banner,"
Though it never more shall wave,
For it shrouds our sleeping heroes,
And has fallen with the brave.

Yes, I love the "conquered banner,"
For it bears no darker stain
Than the heart's blood of the gallant
In the cause of freedom slain.

Yes, I love the "conquered banner,"
Though it never more may wave,
For it lies with hope and loved ones,
Buried in a common grave.

WOMAN'S APOLOGY.

POOR woman's life is like a quilt
That's made of many patches,
And all she gets from wisdom's store
Is taken in by snatches;
She searches for a volume rare,
And one that's sure to win her,
But scarcely reads a paragraph,
When in comes cook for dinner;
She throws it down, quite out of heart,
Despairs of growing wise,
And tries to place her wayward thoughts
On rules for making pies.
She soars to Fancy's magic realm,
And with the poets dream,
When suddenly the spell is broke
By Johnny in a scream;
Reminded thus that human life
Is made alone of prose,
She straightway makes a search for rags
To bind up bleeding toes.—
Perhaps she would record a thought,
But, lo! it quickly flies,
As holey socks and ragged shirts
Before her vision rise.
If undisturbed she reads a book,
Forgetful of the hour,
She's startled when her senses come,

For 'tis the day to scour.
Alas! alas! 'tis ever thus,
Her life must pass away,
The history of each weary year
Lies in a single day;
And if her mind must rank below
The intellect of man,
The fault, in truth, lies not in her,
But in the social plan.

HEART ECHOES.

THE pebble thrown upon the stream
 May swiftly sink below,
And never hush the gurgling
 Of its soft and onward flow;
There, sunk upon the bottom,
 Far removed from human eye,
It may rest in heavy silence
 While the current passes by;

The sun may shine as brightly
 As it ever shone before,
And with a golden splendor
 Tip the dancing triplets o'er;
Stone after stone may gather fast,
 And sink as deep as lead,
But the surface of the river
 Ne'er reveals its heavy bed.

A sorrow thus may sink as deep
 Into the human heart,
And to its very lowest depths
 A heaviness impart,
And yet the voice may murmur still
 Its old familiar strain,
And every feature of the face
 Unchangeable remain;

The eye may smile as brightly
As it ever smiled before,
And all the busy scenes of life
May crowd upon us more,
But sorrow after sorrow
On the heart may heavy rest,
And yet the face may ne'er reveal
The anguish of the breast.

A passing bird, on spreading wing,
While floating through the sky,
Will throw a shadow o'er our path,
Where golden sunbeams lie;
So, often o'er our brightest smiles
A transient gloom is shed,
As though our angels in the skies
Were passing over head.

The memory of departed ones
Will never cease to throw
A shadow o'er the brightest days
That gladden us below;
For as the willow casts a shade
Upon the sunlit stream,
Our sorrows, in the brightest hours,
Will all the darker seem.

STREWN O'ER THE GRAVES

OF THE "BLUE" AND THE "GRAY."

Suggested by reading an invitation from the citizens of Chattanooga, Tenn., to the President of the United States, his Cabinet, and their wives, to attend, on the 30th of May, the decoration of the graves of the Federal dead, at the National Cemetery, in which service the late soldiers of both the Blue and the Gray participated.

STREWN o'er the graves of the Gray and the Blue
Are flowers so lovely, and varied in hue,
Shedding a fragrance as sweet o'er the Gray
As perfumed the Blue, who once carried the day.

Far off from their homes lie the boys in the Blue,
Yet over their graves sweetest flowers we'll strew,
With as lavish a hand as adorneth the Gray,
While we bury the past 'neath the garlands of May.

The Indian buries his hatchet, you know,
As an emblem of peace and good-will to the foe;
We'll tell to the world, in the blush of the rose,
How we've banished the thoughts of our long cherished
woes.

We'll strew their lone graves with the flow'rets of May,
The same as in April we strew o'er the Gray.
Will the mothers, the sisters, the wives of the Blue
Do unto us as they'd have us to do,

And scatter their wreaths o'er *our* boys in the Gray,
Who sleep on *their* soil, from our homes far away?
Then will fair Southern daughters remember the Blue,
While maids of the North *show forgiveness* as true;

And as the waves of the sea kiss the mountains of *gray*,
And drop o'er their roughness a curtain of spray,
So the Blue and the Gray shall in kindness unite,
As the spray hides the crevice with frostings of white.

As clouds float aloft of cerulean *blue*,
And *smile* o'er the mountains so *gray* in their hue,
Will soldiers join hands in affection once more,
Since the thunder of battle has died on our shore.

GOVERNOR WADE HAMPTON,

THE PRIDE OF THY PEOPLE!

Song and Chorus—set to music.

O HAMPTON, the pride of thy people!
Thou Hero of justice and right,
Thou hast stood by the old Constitution,
A Nation's proclaiming thy might;
Thou hast risen in glory and grandeur,
'Mid scenes of destruction and strife,
And rescued thy people from ruin,
As they've struggled for freedom and life.

CHORUS:

Great Hero, like stars in the heavens,
Thy virtues forever shall shine,
We'll never, no never, forsake thee,
In peace, or in war, we are thine!

Led on by the God of the valiant,
Whose Hand hath directed thy course,
Thou hast triumphed by patient devotion;
Endurance is nobler than force;
Thou hast risen in manhood's true greatness,
Carolina's illustrious son,
A Nation exults in thy victory,
And is shouting the plaudit "well done."
Great Hero, like stars in the heavens,
Thy virtues forever shall shine,

We'll never, no never, forsake thee,
In peace, or in war, we are thine!

O, Hampton, the pride of thy people!
Thou hast followed thy God and the Right,
With Truth on thy shield as thy motto,
Thine escutcheon shall ever be bright.
Still confide in the God who hath led thee,
We'll trust thee while leaning on Him,
And looking, through you, to our Sovereign,
Our skies shall no longer be dim.
Great Hero, like stars in the heavens,
Thy virtues forever shall shine,
We'll never, no never, forsake thee,
In peace, or in war, we are thine!

•

“BROKEN LINKS.”

TELL me not the chain is “broken,”
Golden “links” of kindred ties,
While it ever binds us nearer
To our loved ones in the skies;
For ’tis like the mystic cable,
Slumbering ’neath the ocean’s roar,
Hid from sight, yet ever joining
Closely, strangely, shore to shore.

Only shifting, never “broken,”
Is the chain, forever bright,
Links, though darkened to our vision,
Gleam with a celestial light;
While from earth we glance along it,
Ruptured seems the golden line;
Looking from the gates, eternal,
“Links” unsevered, softly shine.

Yes, we count them sadly over,
One by one, the “links,” we say,
How they’re breaking ever from us,
How they’re passing all away;
Only changing are our loved ones,
Only gone from earth away;
Dwell they not more dear than ever
In our hearts, from day to day?

Kindred ties, with "links" eternal,
Wrought and woven at our birth,
Were they only made to bind us
While we linger here on earth?
Tell me not, the chain is "broken,"
For I only look the more,
As my loved ones gather on it,
To the everlasting shore.

Tell me not the chain is "broken,"
Guided by angelic hand,
For it draws me ever nearer
To the bright, the spirit land;
And I turn from life and sorrow
To my loved ones in the skies,
Looking up from earth to Heaven,
Ever up, with longing eyes.

THE POETS ARE GROWING OLD.

Respectfully dedicated to the Living Poets of the Nineteenth Century.

AS fades the light from a landscape,
Or tints from the roses of May;
As die the echoes of music
O'er the mountains so rugged and gray;
As melts, on the wave of the ocean,
The silvery frost of the spray,
As ever the beautiful fleeteth,
So pass the Poets away.

As the light is the charm of the landscape,
And the color the pride of the rose;
As the spray is the beauty of ocean,
That whitens the wave as it flows;
As music's the joy of the mountain,
That charms the travelers ear,
So Poets, a bright constellation,
Are the light of our pilgrimage here.

As a landscape whose light hath departed,
Or the rose whose vermilion hath gone,
The mountain, so silent and dreary,
Ere illumed by the gleamings of morn;
As the ocean, o'ershadowed by darkness,
No longer revealing its spray,
Will be life, when our jewels are taken,
Our Poets have vanished away.

As music hath cheered up the battle,
And led on the soldier in strife,
So the Poets have soothed us in sorrow,
'Mid the prose and the warfare of life.—
When hope hath been wearily sinking
'Neath billows of gloomy dismay,
Enlivening strains from the Poets
Have sounded far over the way.

Often hath come, in our anguish,
On the musical measure of rhyme,
Some long hallowed thought of the Poet,
Arousing to efforts sublime;
Oft hath the sweet little couplet,
Attuned to our innermost woes,
Stirred the depths of a sensitive nature,
Untouched by a volume of prose.

Oh! Poets, we cherish them fondly,
Yet the great and the honored grow old,
Their mantle must fall upon others,
Ah! who shall be wrapt in its fold?
Oh! who shall inherit their laurels,
And share their unperishing fame?
For soon, though our pride and our glory,
Will they dwell with us only in name.

CUTTING TEETH.*

SWEET little babe, you are gathering pearls,
Surely you get them from lovelier worlds;
Daintily set in their mountings of red,
Brighter than coral from ocean's blue bed;
Truly no diver, with crystalline bell,
E'er found rarer jewels in submarine cell;
Nor did he e'er suffer such torturing pain,
While sounding the depths of the billowy main;

For, dear little babe, only mother can tell
The cost of thy pearls in their silvery shell;
Fair little babe, you are gathering pearls,
Ah, may you not finish in happier worlds?
Ah, may not the angels be twining a wreath
To rival in whiteness thy beautiful teeth—
To shine with new lustre on touching thy brow;
Oh! say, pretty babe, are they weaving it now?

Yes, little babe, we're all gathering pearls,
Either for this or for loftier worlds;
The belle of the ball-room increases her store
With pearls that have glistened on India's shore;
The jeweler seeks them to add to his gain
Where'er they are found, in the river or main;
The Christian alone has the "*Pearl of great price*,"
Which cannot be stolen by human device;
Oh! beautiful babe, may we all gather pearls
That will be of some value in *holier* worlds!

*Written whilst watching anxiously at the bed-side of my little Cary.

CRAPE ON THE DOOR.

I PASSED a stately mansion,
 With its columns rising high,
 And as its georgeous finish
 For a moment chained mine eye,
 I almost stopped to wonder,
 As we will when all seems fair,
 If the inmates of that grand abode
 Knew aught of grief or care;
 But the rising thought expired
 While I scanned its grandeur o'er,
 For, lo! in heavy blackness,
 Hung the crape upon the door.

Another step upon my way,
 I saw a form of grace;
 She glided by with queenly air,
 Arrayed in gems and lace;
 I turned to look with wondering eyes,
 And gazed upon the fair;
 But sorrow, too, had marked that face,
 Had set his signet there;
 Ah! yes, methought, the shadows spread
 Her fading beauty o'er,
 Here wealth and sorrow mingle, too,
 There's crape upon the door.

A little beauty, too, I passed
 Before my stroll was o'er—

Some mother's idol, pet of pride,
Embroider'd robes she wore;
A frown was gathering on her brow,
A tear bedim'd her eye,
And as she tripped so quickly on
I caught a childish sigh—
Ah! thus it is, I thought again,
It ever meets my sight,
There's crape again upon the door—
This time the crape is white.

Yes, ever thus, where'er we turn,
Some badge of mourning waves,
In silent shades o'er broken hearts,
Or dark, o'er lonely graves;
The crape is ever on the door,
Its shadow on the face;
Where'er we turn, mid princely homes,
Its drapery we trace.
Upon the hovel, too, it hangs,
Less ample in its fold,
Yet, in its scant and sleazy strip,
As deep a grief is told,
For poverty reminds us, too,
Some loved one's life is o'er;
And places with the rich and great
The crape upon the door.

MUSIC.
—

THERE'S music in the silvery stream,
That gurgles evermore;
There's music in the dark blue wave,
That rushes to the shore;
There's music in the North wind's roar,
And in the Summer's breeze;
There's music in the Autumn gale,
That rustles through the trees;
There's music in the insect's buzz,
And in the birdling's note,
As through the light, transparent air,
On spreading wings they float;
There's music in the merry laugh
Of little ones so dear;
There's music in commingling sounds
That fall upon the ear;
The world is full of music;
Then let our voices ring,
The "morning stars" together "sang;"
Then why should we not sing?
The "sons of God" once joined the "spheres"
In loudest shouts of joy;
Then why should not our Maker's praise
Our highest notes employ?

THE EMPTY CRADLE.

“E MPTY,” yes, “*empty!*” I gaze on it still;
Oh! could I only its emptiness fill;
Weary, so weary! I watched it of yore;
Oh, could I suffer that weariness o’er.

Motionless, motionless! ah, who can know
The music of rockers that swung to and fro,
But the heart of the mother, whose sensitive ear
Catches each breath of her slumbering dear?

Unrumped, unrumped! so soft and so white
Is the lace-covered pillow, undented to-night;
Oh, could I look on that bright little face,
That rivaled its whiteness, in beauty and grace.—

Hark! am I dreaming! What falls on mine ear?
Is it music that floats from the Heavenly sphere?
What! do I cling to an “*idol of clay?*”
What! am I looking from Jesus away!

What! have I lost all my hope and my trust?
Oh! Father forgive me! I’m “*dust,*” only “*dust!*”
“Empty,” yes “empty!” I gaze on it still;
Oh, God, with Thy *spirit* its emptiness fill.

PARTING FOR THE SUMMER.

Dedicated to the Scott Literary and Musical Circle, Baltimore, Md., and read at the Finale, May 17th, 1877, by one of its members.

A DIEU, happy friends, we're parting to-night,
Our faces are cheerful, our "Circle" is bright,
Our voices are ringing with musical glee,
And if hearts bear a burden they seem to be free.

Like the bright wedding-ring on the bride's snowy hand
Is the circle that binds us, a true loving band;
A pledge of affection, our "Circle" shall be
As true as the ring, and from dross, too, as free;

There's only this difference, the mystical ring
But two trusting hearts into unison bring,
While "E pluribus Unum" our motto doth hold
Engraved on our circlet in letters of gold;

"E pluribus Unum," yes, many in one.—
Like the *halo* of glory that belteth the sun,
Our circle surroundeth a body as bright,
Whose talent and wit shed a radiant light;

And surely the "stars," when together they sang,
In the morn when their voices in harmony rang
Through the arches of Heaven, ne'er breathed sweeter
song
Than enlivens our Circle, our musical throng.

We've mingled with pleasure, we've spent happy nights
With the Goddess of music, who ever delights;
We've brought from Minerva the jewels of mind
To embellish our Circle, pure, golden, refined.

We've met, while the Winter, so icy, hath reigned
O'er the snow-covered earth, in affection unfeigned;
O, then is it strange, as the Spring draweth nigh,
We regret in our partings to utter "good-bye!"

Is it strange, when we think that the Future may hold
Enwapp'd in its sombre, mysterious fold,
Some sorrow, unknown, or a tear for each eye,
Perchance even death, ere the Winter draws nigh,

That we shrink as it were from a tragical scene,
While tears fall in silence like dew o'er the green,
That we sigh while we think how the bright Summer
days
Oft flee from our grasp into sorrow's dark maze?

Oh! say, is it strange that the story oft told
Should ring in our ears, with its dirges of old,
And sadden our hearts with a fairy-like spell,
As we whisper this evening our solemn farewell?

As we part, we're thinking of *one** we held dear,
Whose presence no longer our "Circle" shall cheer;
Our tribute of garlands have died on his tomb,
But his virtues, in memory, forever shall bloom.

Farewell, may the sorrows we cannot but dread,
Be cleared from the path that we each one may tread,

And flowers instead, may they bloom ever bright;
May the hours still cheer as they've cheered us to-night.

Ah! yes, may we meet bright and happy again,
When Winter resumeth his Borean reign,
An unbroken circle, still faithful and true.
May we meet in the skies. Dear companions adieu!

*Allen C. Magne.

A CENTENNIAL BIRTH-DAY.

Affectionately inscribed to Dr. Lovick L. Pierce, our venerable "father in Israel," to whom was expressed, at a late celebration of his ninety-third birth-day, the wish that he might live to see its "Centennial" anniversary.

YES, we would wish a bright "Centennial day,"
To dawn in gladness on thine earthly stay,
And bless, with genial smiles, thy noble birth,
Thou man of God, thou honored one of earth.

Not like the plant, whose solitary bloom,
Smiles only once on centenary gloom,
Hath been thy life, so fruitful in its flower,
Thy beauties bloom with every passing hour,

Till o'er thy hallow'd path a fragrance lies,
And ever sends its sweetness to the skies;
Till fadeless garlands, fair, without a thorn,
Have strewn thy way since life's bright, hopeful morn;

Till children's children in succession rise,
And look on thee with proud and loving eyes;
A monument of God's redeeming love,
In stately grandeur rising far above

The common level of the human race,
With powers transcendent, sanctified by grace.
We cling to thee as, with a tight'ning hold,
We grasp some treasure, in its worth untold,

And fain would turn from that unwelcomed day,
Which bears thy peaceful soul from earth away;
For, as our "blessings brighten" in their "flight,"
Increasing radiance floods the coming night,

And ever brighter, as thy strength declines,
Thy God-like virtue with new lustre shines,
Reflecting light in streams of golden rays
Upon thy silvered locks and lingering days.

Long have thy virtues shone in earthly skies,
Too bright for them—ere long thy sun shall rise
To shed its beams athwart the eternal shore,
In glorious day, shall rise to set no more;

Yet, may it in departing splendor throw
On that heart-wished event its setting glow,
And thy "Centennial Birthday" crown with light,
Whose soft reflections shall illumine our night.

UNVEILING THE MONUMENT.

Suggested by the unveiling of the Monument, erected by the Ladies of the "Memorial Association," to the memory of the Confederate Dead, in the State House inclosure at Columbia, South Carolina, May 13th, 1879, and dedicated to the "Lost Cause."

UNVEIL it in its purity, that marble shaft so white,
And o'er it let the sunbeams fall in rays of golden
light,
Unveil it 'neath the genial smiles of sunny Southern
skies,
Unveil it to the admiring gaze, and to our weeping
eyes;
Fit emblem of their bravery, unyielding as this stone,
We raise it to our honored dead, no longer marked "*un-
known*;"
"Unknown!" ah, no; though many a grave is lost to
human sight,
And none may know their resting-place save you bright
stars of night,
Forever great, forever bright, their deeds shall yet be
known,
When crumbled into mouldering dust shall lie this tow-
ering stone;
A tribute to our noble sons, our "*lost*" but *hallowed*
"*cause*,"
Decided by the gleaming sword, not by the higher
laws.—
The die is cast, we nobly yield to numbers and to might,

We claim an only privilege, the consciousness of right;
And now would ask a single boon of those who "won
the day,"

That we may raise this monument above illustrious clay,
The generous gift, the offering kind of lovely woman's
heart,

Who in each great and noble cause hath ever done her
part.—

Where stands the green Palmetto tree, the emblem of
our State,

To tell of bloody Mexico, and veterans true and great,
Here, on this consecrated spot, of higher fame we'd tell,
Of those who in a *holier* cause and *fiercer* conflict fell;

'Tis here we'll shed our purest tears, and strew our
fairest flowers,

And generations yet unborn shall tread these steps of
ours

To pay their homage, evermore, at Worth's unsullied
shrine,

Where higher still their star shall rise, and brighter yet
shall shine.

Long may it stand, resist the storm, and proudly lift
its head

In honor of their chivalry, our brave Confederate Dead,
Reminding us that valorous worth, tho' "crushed," like
"truth" shall "rise;"

True greatness wins immortal fame, true greatness never
dies.

Though "all things fail," as one long since hath truly
said in song,

Though nations fall, "*eternal right can never be made
wrong.*"

ODE TO THE SOUTH.

BY MARTIN F. TUPPER.

Having requested Mr. Tupper's permission to the use of his Ode, in connection with our tribute to himself, of which it was suggestive, he has kindly and cheerfully given his consent.

THE world has misjudged, mistrusted, maligned you,
And should be quick to make honest amends;
Let us, then, speak of you just as we find you,
Humbly and heartily, cousins and friends!
Let us remember your wrongs and your trials,
Slandered and plundered, and crushed to the dust,
Draining adversity's bitterest vials,
Patient in courage and strong in good trust.

You fought for Liberty—rather than Slavery!
Well might you wish to be quit of that ill,
But you were sold to political knavery
Mesh'd by diplomacy's spider-like skill;
And you rejoiced to see slavery banished,
While the free servant works well as before;
Confident, though many fortunes have vanished,
Soon to recover all—rich as of yore!

Doubtless there had been some hardships and cruelties,
Cases exceptional, evil and rare,
But to tell truth—and truly the jewel 'tis—
Kindness ruled—as a rule—ev'rywhere!
Servants—if slaves—were your wealth and inheritance,

Born with your children and grown on your ground.
And it was quite as much int'rest as merit hence
Still to make friends of dependents all round.

Yes, it is slander to say you oppress'd them.
Does a man squander the prize of his pelf!
Was it not often that he who possess'd them
Rather was owned by his servants himself?
Caring for all, as in health, so in sicknesses,
He was their father, their patriarch chief,
Age's infirmities, infancy's weaknesses,
Leaning on him for repose and relief.

When you went forth in your pluck and your bravery,
Selling for freedom both fortunes and lives,
Where was that prophesied outburst of slavery,
Wreaking revenge on your children and wives?
Nowhere! You left them to servile safe keeping,
And this was faithful and true to your trust;
Master and servant thus mutually reaping
Double reward of the good and the just!

Generous Southerners! I who address you
Shared with too many belief in your sins;
But I recant it—thus—let me confess you—
Knowledge is victor and everywhere wins:
For I have seen, I have heard, and am sure of it,
You have been slandered and suffering long,
Paying all slavery's cost, and the cure of it,
And the Great World shall repent of its wrong!

A TRIBUTE TO MARTIN F. TUPPER.

We give, in connection with the following poem, an article from the Baltimore Sunday News, entitled :

The Distinguished Author's Impressions of the South.

Martin F. Tupper, the distinguished English author, whose "Proverbial Philosophy" and miscellaneous works, both poetry and prose, have made his name a household word on this side of the Atlantic as well as in his own "Merrie England," will give a select reading at the Academy of Music on Thursday next at noon. He arrived in Baltimore a few days ago, and is, at present, a guest at the Eutaw House. Last night he was visited by a reporter who found him seated in the parlor of the hotel perusing intently, as all distinguished visitors do, the well filled columns of the Daily News.

"I am glad to see you," said the poet, when our representative had introduced himself, "and I can guess the nature of your mission, You want to interview me in relation to my late visit to the South."

The reporter confessed that such was indeed his object, and Mr. Tupper continued: "I like your American system of getting at bottom facts. In England public men are noted for their reticence, and newspaper reporters there have to 'beat about the bush,' feeling servants and the like to obtain opinions and comments which might or might not be of interest to their readers. For myself, if I have any facts in my possession which I think would interest the public, I am only too happy to let them see the light through the columns of the daily papers. Just now, however, I have but little to tell you. My ideas of Southern people have indeed considerably changed since I went amongst them, but I have expressed those ideas in my "Ode to the South," which has of late been published, I believe, in all the principal cities in the country."

Reporter—Was your late visit your first to the Southern States?

Mr. Tupper—Yes. I crossed the Atlantic after a twenty-five years absence to visit my old American friends, and Mr. Middleton, a school fellow of mine, having taken up his residence in South Carolina, I directed my course southward for the sake of once more grasping him by the hand. But my opinion of the entire country

has changed. I imagine myself a perfect Rip Van Winkle as I behold the wonderful improvement in your people everywhere. The South especially seemed different to what I had been accustomed to regard it.

Reporter—In what respect?

Mr. Tupper—Well, in many ways—the alleged cruelty to her slaves, or servants as they called them, as an example. What I saw and heard upon the spot caused me to reflect how much traduced the Southern people have been. Instead of the cruelties and estrangements reported I found there was the utmost kindness between the two races, and to this hour many of the faithful black people are staying by their poor ruined masters, and serving them absolutely for nothing. I formerly believed with the majority of the people in England that the scenes depicted in “Uncle Tom’s Cabin” were the rule—I find they were the exception. But I have, as I said, embodied my opinions of Southern wrongs in the “Ode to the South.” Apropos to this “Ode” I received to-day a pretty tribute from a lady in your city, whose name I do not know and whose penmanship is unfamiliar to me. I appreciate it highly and cannot conceive a better way of showing that appreciation than by asking you to favor me with the publication of the kind lines in the Sunday News.

Mr. Tupper here drew from his pocket the following verses which are headed “A Tribute to Martin F. Tupper, suggested by his lines “Ode to the South,” by a Georgia lady, now a resident of Baltimore:”

BRIGHT home of my childhood! fair land of the
flowers!

Thou hast strayed, gifted Bard, to her sweet scented
bowers;

And echoing strains from thy musical rhyme
Are floating away to this northerly clime.

With the lingering notes buried memories arise,
As varied in hue as my own Southern skies;

And I weep for the land, once happy and bright,
Just waking with hope, from a sorrowful night.

Thank offerings we bring for thy beautiful song,
Inspired and attuned to the tale of our wrong;
From fair Southern daughters I'd bear to thee now
A chaplet of laurels to honor thy brow.

For, as Orpheus charmed with his mystical lyre
The regions infernal and deities dire,
Thou hast hushed into silence the genius of lies,
And disrobed his gaunt form of its painted disguise.

Thou hast welcomed the truth and forsaken the wrong,
In noble confession and heart-stirring song,
Whose music will mingle with ocean's loud roar,
Till it dies in the shells of thine own native shore.

The World must relent when it hears the refrain,
As it thrills with our wrongs in thy mellowing strain.—
Long, long will we bless thee, and hallow thy rhyme,
True Poet of Britain, immortal, sublime!

THE SUNNY DAY.

THE day is bright, and the sun is shining,
The clouds show naught but their "silver lining,"
The vines bow down 'neath the clustering bloom,
And the air is filled with their sweet perfume,
And the day is bright and sunny.

My life is bright, and gay, and merry,
My heart beats free; 'tis light and cheery;
Thoughts of the past, like diamonds bright,
Are glistening in memory's rosy light,
And the day is bright and sunny.

Be sad, light heart, for thy "silver lining"
Will soon turn dark, and forget its shining,
Thy smiling sun will be hid from view,
And thy transient joys must be clouded too;
Few days can be bright and sunny.

TRUANT HUSBANDS.

O I'M fretted with these husbands,
You can coax them as you may;
But they have such "*pressing business*,"
Ever calling them away!

He tells me that he "*hates to go*,"
And says the trip will "*pay*;"
But thoughts of gain can never serve
To drive away dismay.

I've missed him all the weary day,
But now the shadows fall,
And cast upon my heavy soul
Their night encircled pall.

I'm sitting by the fireside
Alone, and sad to-night;
The embers burn with cheerless glow,
The lamp gives fainter light;

My thoughts are filled with memories
Of every frightful tale
That ever chilled my purling blood,
Or made my heart to quail.

My tresses hint of porcupines,
My eyes of caverns wide;

I dare not turn for fear I'll see
Some monster at my side.

Imagination now transforms
The timid little mouse
Into a robber taking steps
To break into the house.

And every breeze that passes by
Or frolics with the shutter,
Brings terror to my sinking heart,
And sets it in a flutter.

Then sighing for composure sweet,
My thoughts revert again
To one who's dashing, miles away,
Upon a "lightning train."

While bursting boilers, smashing cars,
And scenes of desolation
Bring to my brain, already crazed,
A mocking consolation.

With trembling voice, I ask the Fates
If e'er he'll come again;
They whisper of a lonely grave
Upon a distant plain.—

My timidness, with fresh resolve,
I now begin to chide,
And try to gather courage up
To turn my head aside.

Here, nestling near, my infant ones
So quietly repose;
Their little joys and little cares
All with their eyelids close.

I smiled to see the baby catch
The shadows on the wall,
And sighed to hear the little boy
His absent father call.—

They, too, have left me all alone,
Nor dreamed of my alarms,
While resting so confidently,
And calmly in my arms.

The angels stooping down to earth
Have claimed them for the night,
To bring them back with fresher charms
Upon the dawn of light.—

I'm lonely and disconsolate,
But vainly try to doze,
For something all the dreary night
Keeps breaking my repose.

O, I'm sure these truant husbands
Would forever cease to roam,
If they only knew how desolate
It makes a happy home!

TO A CONFEDERATE POCKET-BOOK.

A II! once, old friend, no longer dear,
I loved thee with devotion,
And hugged thee to my peaceful breast
With happiest emotion.

For well I knew thy hidden worth,
And felt thy mystic charm;
I loved thee every day the more,
And shielded thee from harm.

Nor did I think, my faithless friend,
I'd ever know distress,
Or dream that while you lingered near
I'd learn to love thee less.

But vanished are my brightest dreams,
And all thy charms have fled,
For thou art filled, old pocket-book,
With nothing but "*Confed.*"

And searching through thy many folds,
How can I but despond?
For in each crevice snugly lies
An old *Confederate bond*.

Alas! I'll hide thee out of sight,
And never see thee more,

For now you only make me sigh,
And tell me I am poor.

You fill my soul with vain regrets,
And with a sense of dread,
For ah! you'll never pay my debts,
Or bring my children bread.

My pockets, once with money filled,
The "*needful*" sadly lacks,
And now I sigh from morn till night,
For bills with *verdant* backs.

Their emptiness but serves to teach
How vain is all creation,
And warns me never to invest
My *specie* in the *nation*.

STILL SHINING.

Suggested by the following remarks from the "Columbia Register" upon the removal of the remains of Gen. John H. Winder from South Carolina to Maryland, his native State:

"We learn that the remains of the old veteran were in a remarkable state of preservation, as was also his clothing, the bright stars of a Brigadier General of the Confederate service glistening when the burial case was opened, as brightly as of old, when the General was alive, and his gray uniform looking almost as fresh and unfaded as the day upon which he was buried."

EMBLEMS, bright emblems, true emblems are they,
Shining like gold on his vestments of gray;
Speak they not to us in language sublime
Of his own virtues, untarnished by time?

Do they not tell of unperishing fame?
Are they not types of his lustrous name,
Shining still brightly? O, beautiful stars!
Bequeathed to the valiant, a tribute from Mars.

Lost is his cause; yes, in vain did he fight,
But the stars won in battle! still, still are they bright!
Untarnished by time, even bright in the grave,
Like the fame of his country he struggled to save.

Though fallen, she lies like a gem in the dust,
And glittereth still, as forever she must;
Though heroes fought bravely, their blood could not
save,
Yet, like to those stars, *is she bright in her grave.*

He sleepeth, our hero! we honor his name;
Time hath preserved both his vesture and fame,
As though, in her homage, withholding decay
From the *star* in eclipse, from "the jacket of gray!"

As though she departed from Nature's stern laws,
In deference to worth, to an honorable cause,
Nor touched with her finger of mildew and blight,
That which she deemed should be fadeless and
bright.—

Long, long may they glitter, though hid in the grave;
O, beautiful stars of the gallant, the brave!
While light from their counterpart, fixed in the skies,
Shall ever illumine the spot where he lies.

THE FAMILY RECORD.

Suggested on seeing an unfilled record in a new family Bible.

I GAZE upon thy gilded edge,
Thy spotless page so fair,
And wonder what in coming years
Will be recorded there;
When time imparts its mellow hue,
And dims thine edge of gold,
What treasured lore of by-gone days
Will rest beneath thy fold.

There traced will be the future names
Of beings nameless now,
The dark impressions made by death,
The solemn marriage vow;
The dawn of life, of wedded love,
The death of young and old,
Imprinted on thy spotless page,
Will rest beneath thy fold.

Ah! yes, upon thy snowy page,
Perchance I'll live to see
Mementoes of departed ones,
Of all that's dear to me.
Oh! then I'll turn thy gilded leaves,
In search of purer gold,
For consolation never found
Beneath thy spotless fold.

Perchance, nor mortal knows how soon,
Some friendly hand may trace
That I too at the social hearth
Have left a vacant place.
Oh! shall my spirit go in peace,
When all of life is told,
And shall my name be treasured long
Beneath thy spotless fold?

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Written on the Evacuation of the State-House, Columbia, S. C., by
the Federal Troops, April 10th, 1877.

GLORIOUS Freedom! unfettered again,
Loosened thy pinions, and broken the chain,
Rise like an eagle, fair Goddess, once more,
Rejoice in thy flight, for thy bondage is o'er;
Smile on us proudly, and banish thy tears,
A victim no longer of tyrants and fears;
Behold thy dominion, triumphantly reign,
Ascend to thy throne; we're freemen again!

Hushed is the sound of the infantry's tramp,
Moved from our sight is their white spreading camp,
Silent the bugle and muttering drum,
Soldiers no more to the "tattoo" shall come;
Flashing no more are the bayonets bright,
Guarding the foe in his seizure of might;
Oppressors return to their northerly shore,
We exult in our peace, we are freemen once more!

Who but the hero, with freedom dear bought
On blood-covered plains, in the battle hard fought,
Can picture the strife in the heart of the brave
When reduced to a subject, a vassal, a slave?—
Hard, hard was our fate, yet how patiently borne;
Long years were we left in our bondage to mourn.
Patriots proclaim this no longer shall be;
Hail, proud Carolina! once more we're free!

O, glorious Freedom! fair Liberty hail!
'Mid music and shoutings, which float on the gale,
'Neath the smiles of our daughters, with garlands en-
twined,
Whose warm, loving hearts long in sorrow have
pined.—
Cheer up, gallant sons of the “Palmetto State,”
Thy star rises higher, thy destiny's great;
With Hampton to govern, it ne'er shall decline,
But brighter and brighter, still brighter shall shine.

CUTTING OUT THE PICTURES *

“**C**UT me out the pictures, mother,
Let me put them all away;”
Thus he comes with bits of paper,
Gathered up in childish play;
Romping, rosy little fellow,
Bright and witching, only three;
Comes he ever when I'm busy,
With the scissors, to my knee.

Ah! what lessons do they teach us,
'Mid the scenes of busy strife,
When we stop to listen to them,
Merry children, full of life!
How we slight the tiny pictures,
Scattered o'er the daily sheet,
Little joys which mingle ever
Where increasing sorrows meet.

Do we note the little pictures;
Pass me not their beauties by,
While the tears of disappointment
Oft bedim the longing eye?
Oh! the bright, the lovely pictures,
Scattered o'er the sheet of life,
Let us clip them from the sorrows,
Fold the page of woe and strife.

Lay them by in memory's casket,
As our little dark-eyed boy
Hides away his varied gleanings,
Smiling in exultant joy;
Cut them out! Oh! save the pictures;
Life were dark enough, at best:
On their beauties, through the shadows,
Let our gaze forever rest.

* Little Dyer was passionately fond of pictures, and frequently searched the news-papers for the illustrated advertisements.

GRAY VERSUS BLUE.

Written immediately after the close of the War, before "reconstructed."

I FEEL it, and I know it,
But perhaps I should'nt say,
Yet I will, I cannot help it,
For I love the sight of gray;

I feel it, I deplore it,
But alas! it is too true,
Perhaps I shouldn't tell it,
But I hate the sight of blue.

I love it, I adore it,
And the smiles begin to play,
For I feel so patriotic
At the very sight of gray;

I hate it, I detest it,
It is strange, but yet I do,
And my face is sure to crimson
At the very sight of blue;

I've a reason; 'tis a good one,
And I know it; so do you,
What makes the wondrous difference
Betwixt the *gray* and *blue*.

REUNION.

Dedicated to the Scott Literary and Musical Circle, Baltimore, Md., and read on the evening of Nov. 1st, 1877.

WELCOME, dear friends, it is cheering to meet;
Your presence once more with rejoicings we greet,
Time hath dealt kindly, we've naught to regret,
For happy, *unbroken*, our "Circle" hath met.

The roses of Summer have died on the plain,
And Winter, so festive, approaches again,
Yet Death, who hath stolen the breath of the flowers,
Hath kindly passed over this circle of ours;

But Cupid hath spared not his silvery darts,
As *certain* as death, and more cruel with hearts;
Two victims have fallen so close at our sides,
And now we would welcome their lovely young brides.

And one, we'd remember, far over the seas;
We'd send a kind wish, on the wings of the breeze,
To cheer, in his travels, our President* true,
While he roams o'er the valleys and mountains so blue.

May God, in His mercy, still smile on our band,
And deal to us good with as lavish a hand;
While gratitude, bearing a sense of His love,
Like incense shall rise ever sweetly above.

* John Marshall, Jr.

"DESPISE NOT THE DAY OF SMALL
THINGS."

Written at the close of the War.

THE cruel War, with unrelenting hand,
Hath spread destruction through the Southern land,
Our churches, with their tall and glittering spires,
Have crumbled 'neath the heat of mighty fires,
And mansions, which in splendor met the eye,
In scattering heaps of blackened ruins lie;
Where'er we turn some relic meets the gaze
To tell us of the joys of other days;
A few short years have rudely swept away
The hard-earned wealth of many a toilsome day,
And those who lived in luxury and ease
Are victims of starvation and disease;
The busy hum of industry is hushed,
And all our noble enterprises crushed;
But should we ever o'er our losses sigh,
Content in poverty to live and die,
Neglect the means to make us rich again,
And "*small beginnings*" foolishly disdain,
Or fold our arms in lethargy profound,
While fields of labor lie untilled around?—
Oh! let us not forget the days of yore,
The sober teachings of the past ignore,
When all began the "ladder's lowest round,"
And rich rewards for faithful labor found;
But rather, now, with kindling hopes retrace

The steps which made us once a happy race,
Determine still to keep our standard high,
And all opposing obstacles defy;
Rebuke the silly teachings of our pride,
Which looks on work as something to deride,
And tells us that each enterprise must fail
Unless begun on grand, extended scale.
O, let us not in idleness repose,
And then condemn our enterprising foes
Because they come to purchase or inspect
Resources undeveloped through neglect.
Let Southern boys, who spurn the humbler trades,
No longer think that honest toil degrades,
But rather let them blush, with guilty shame,
Who bring reproach upon the Southern name
By forcing us to call, against our will,
On Northern workmen for their labor still.
O, let them lay their idleness aside,
Reject a foolish for a noble pride,
And when they learn to take the Yankee's place,
They can condemn him with a better grace.
Let Southern boys have hands no longer hid
From week to week in gloves of spotless kid;
Let Southern girls their sweetest smiles bestow
Upon the most industrious, working beau;
Let those too old to toil, by counsel wise
Encourage every noble enterprise;
Let all, with greater zeal, determine now
To put their "hands," with courage, to the "plow."
Contentment then in Southern homes will reign,
And Fortune smile upon our land again.

MODERN POETS.

THERE'S not a robe, unique, by Fancy wrought,
In which to clothe the fragile, new-born thought;
The modern offspring of the fruitful brain
Must be contented with attire quite plain;
For long ago, a busy, grasping throng,
Well known as Poets, and extolled in song,
The earth and skies, the universe explored,
Nor even Hell, with all its flames, ignored,
In search of beauties rare, from Nature's hand,
In which to dress their thoughts, sublime and grand;
They made the tearful fountain weep the more
For snowy lilies stolen from her shore;
They robbed the crimson roses when they blushed,
Till some turned white, and others scarcely flushed;
They stole the fragrance from the fairest bloom,
And left its purity without perfume;
They even robbed the flow'rets of their breath,
And thus consigned them to an early death,
Until the daisy knew their cruel tread,
And hid beneath the grass its timid head;
They searched the green and shady groves remote,
To rob each songster of its sweetest note,
And those that cheer us with a mellow strain
Are only such as "dodged" the thieving train;
For tongues now mute, where music should belong,
The Poets robbed, to attune their verse to song;
They plunged into the deep, blue, briny ocean,
And threw its waters into wild commotion,

In search of hidden pearl or tinted shell
To ornament their gilded verses well;
They ventured to the calm and quiet lake,
The sleeping waves upon her breast to wake,
And stole the golden crown the sun had given
When rising up, they turned their heads to Heaven;
They scaled the mountain's rough and rugged side,
Discovered caves that Nature sought to hide;
They stooped each yawning cavern, dark, to scan,
And made its gloom subservient to their plan;
They stripped the beauteous earth of all its wealth,
And rendered human thought sublime by stealth;
Then, leaving earth, besought the jeweled skies,
To gain far grander and more pure supplies;
They stole from Light her brightest, clearest ray,
And, as they plundered, lost it on the way;
It broke in pieces 'neath the feet of Mars,
And fragments, dropping, make the "falling stars."
Sun, moon, and stars, and light and darkness, all,
With every charm that Nature gave this ball,
Have long since yielded to the poet's claim,
And placed his name upon the roll of Fame;
They've robbed the universe of all that's new;
There's nothing left, O modern bards, for you!
As children trudge with bruised and weary feet,
Through barren fields to gather berries sweet,
And oft, with buckets empty as before,
Return, their sad misfortune to deplore,
When earlier comers to the favorite vine
Have left no fruit of ripening red behind.
So, *modern poets*, mourn your sadder fate,
The time has passed to make your memory great.

THE MODERN POET'S CONSOLATION.

THO flowers have bloomed since the world first began,
And cheered, by their beauty, the senses of man,
They bring to us now just as sweet a perfume
As they breathed o'er the world in the ages of gloom;
The rose "looks as ruddy," and blushes the same,
As when Shakespeare declared there was naught "in a
name,"
And we still hail with gladness the coming of Spring,
For the sunshine and flowers her warm breathings
bring;
The time-honored harp sounds as sweetly to kings
As when David touched lightly its silvery strings;
The maid listens still to the love-laden song
That has echo'd through ages of centuries long;
And paintings, when touched by the finger of Time,
Speak things to the heart in a language sublime.
If flowers and music, and paintings and song
Survive with their beauties, while ages grow long,
May not *modern poets* take courage, grow bold,
And throw a "fresh" charm 'round a story "twice told!"

SHE LOST THEM AT THE BALL.

I KNEW her when the blushing rose
Drove lilies from her cheek,
And lingered all unbidden there,
Whene'er her lips would speak;
The purity within her breast
Was marred by nothing false,
But when she joined the giddy throng,
She lost it in the waltz.

I knew her when each girlish air
Was one of modest mien,
When loveliness in every thought
And every smile was seen;
But from her cheek the rose hath fled,
Her eye, the timid glance,
She joined the polka's dizzy round,
And lost them in the dance.

I knew her when each budding charm
In tenderness unfurled,
Before she grew a slave to "art,"
A "*woman of the world*;"
The modest glance, the crimson blush,
That came without a call,
No more bespeak her artlessness,
She *lost* them at the *ball*.

RETROSPECTION.

Dedicated to the Scott Literary and Musical Circle, Baltimore, Md.,
and the Late Edward Barrington, a Member of the Circle.

A PROSPEROUS voyage o'er a beautiful sea,
O'er waters unruffled, from storms ever free,
We are nearing serenely the bright sunny shore,
Where now we must part as we've parted before.

Bright links have been added to lengthen the chain
Which Friendship hath woven around us again;
It shines with new lustre, our "*Circle*" of old,
Whose members are like to the purest of gold.

Increasing in numbers, we've strengthened in love,
A type of that purity reigning above,
Where discord ne'er enters with wrangling and strife,
Nor bitterness poisons the "waters of life."

We glance o'er the past, all so happy and bright,
As o'er a fair picture suspended 'neath light,
Where only *one* shadow, of ominous gray,
From the wing of Death's angel pursuing his way,

Has fallen to darken the beautiful scene,
Adorned with bright garlands and foliage green;
One shadow! yes, heavy in blackness it falls,
One crushing bereavement it sadly recalls;

Which suddenly came but a few days ago,
And stunned every heart 'neath the weight of its blow;
Long, long will that shadow hang o'er each heart,
While scenes of festivity come and depart.

But the fairest of pictures must ever be made
Of the same combination of light and of shade;
So unto a painting that's beauteous and rare,
The past happy year may we truly compare.

With the wish that in future each one may return,
Like the buds to the moss overrunning the urn,
In still richer clusters and sweeter perfume,
As Spring after Spring in profusion they bloom.

In joys still increasing, with sorrows as few
As the memorable year we are bidding adieu,
Long, long may we mingle in harmony here,
'Mid scenes like to this, where aboundeth "good cheer."

And when they have ended, these pleasures of time,
May we meet, each and all, in that region sublime,
Where dazzling are splendors of jewels and gold,
No eye hath e'er seen, and no tongue hath foretold.

A FLORAL OFFERING.

The following poem was written for a Commencement occasion of an Institution, composed of both young ladies and gentlemen. That it may be read appreciatively, imagination must picture to the mind a rostrum decorated with flowers; a table in the centre, filled with beautiful bouquets; a class of interesting young ladies arrayed in white, *with only one member of the sterner sex*, the Teachers, Trustees, and Board of Visitors on either side; an expectant audience below, and one young lady presenting to each of her classmates a bouquet, in the language of verse.

TO THE AUDIENCE.

OF all the trials of my life
This is the greatest cross—
What must I do, alas! alas!
I'm really at a loss—
How can I think of witty things,
And pretty things to say,
Just suited to the time and place,
This great Commencement day!—
For many long and weary months
This day has been our theme,
It's haunted many a waking hour,
And many a fitful dream;
We've worried through with long reviews,
With problems and equasions,
With diagrams and mystic signs,
Though oft we've sought evasions;
We've sounded deep for classic lore,
Till with a dizzy brain,

We've almost wished the ancient world
Might all unknown remain.
And then we've left our tedious task,
And gathered all "*en masse*"
To talk about Commencement day,
And resolutions pass.—
We've oft discussed our style of dress,
Its texture, make, and shade,
And how we'd fix our tresses up
In twist, or curl, or braid;
For books we sometimes laid aside,
And silenced our alarms,
That, woman-like, we might enhance
Our beauty and our charms.—
Despite of what the old folks say,
We girls will slight our books
Just long enough to think and talk
A little about our looks.—
And then our compositions, too,
How oft with labored care
We've sought for subjects grave and sad,
The humorous and rare;
But seldom, after all our search,
A topic could we find
Just suited to our style and taste,
Adapted to the mind.—
We've trembled as we've thought about
The close examination,
And wondered how we'd pass before
The "Board of Visitation;"
And then we've read our essays o'er,
And wondered how they'd "*take*,"

Or what impressions on the crowd,
Their sentiments would make.
Indeed, to own up, "honor bright,"
And tell you what is true,
About this very special day,
We've all had "much ado."
Anticipation pictured much,
But now resigns the day
To stern Reality, who claims
An undisputed sway.—
And now, kind friends, we come to-day,
Each one with fluttering hearts,
To entertain as best we can
With our respective "parts."
We promise nothing grand, sublime,
Or wonderful, or rare,
But heartily would welcome you
To share our scanty fare.
"*A feast of reason*" scarce you'll have,
Or e'en "*a flow of soul*,"
But time may pass off pleasantly,
Or merry, on the whole.—
While once again we welcome you,
Your sympathy we ask,
And beg you to remember
That we have no trivial task;
Pray bear in mind that older heads
Ne'er grew on shoulders young,
Or that a babe of tender years
E'er spake with ready tongue;
And if disposed to criticise,
Let memory run back

A decade, or half century,
 Upon life's beaten track,
And if she truthfully recalls
 The past before your mind,
Methinks 'twill make my audience
 Considerate and kind.
And should we drop a parting tear,
 As friendship's links are broken,
Perhaps, you'll think how years ago
 You gave the same pure token
Of love sincere, ere sordid cares
 Had made you old and crusty,
Had dried affection's fountains up,
 And made its treasures rusty.—
Adieu, kind friends; no longer now
 Will time permit us stay;
The hours fly on noiseless wing,
 And swiftly speeds the day.
With many thanks and wishes kind,
 We leave you with a sigh,
To speak to classmates, ere we part,
 That mournful word, "*Good-bye.*"

TO A CLASSMATE—FIRST.

Like barques, with snowy sails unfurled,
 And pennants floating free,
We've launched upon the swelling tide
 Of life's tempestuous sea;
Like vessels too long fastened up
 In dry-docks by the shore,
Till fitted by the builder's hand
 To take on precious store;

We've been confined within these walls,
While teachers kind and wise,
Have sought to fit us for the storms
That on the voyage must rise.
We part, perchance, to meet no more,
For boundless is the ocean
Which rolls o'er many a buried wreck
Its waves of ceaseless motion.—
Oh, may these flowers symbolize
The fate that shall attend thee,
And may the God who rules the storm
In mercy e'er defend thee.
Oh, take the Bible for your chart,
Religion at the helm,
Till anchored in the haven
Of the bright, celestial realm.

CLASSMATE SECOND.

How beautiful the flowers are;
What lessons they unfold!
Arrayed in colors, pink and red,
In azure, green, and gold.
Thy tell us how the beautiful
Must wither, droop, and fade;
How fleeting are the joys of earth,
How frail are all things made.—
Then take these flowers, bright and fair,
And learn how frail thou art;
Remember that all beauty fades
Save beauty of the heart.
Oh, let your virtues all unfold,
And like these flowers bloom,

To shed upon your path through life
A lasting, sweet perfume ;
And then, in fields of "living green,"
Beyond Death's turbid river,
Oh, may you bloom in Paradise,
Transplanted there forever.

CLASSMATE THIRD.

How sad, and yet how sweet a charm
Hangs 'round a parting token ;
Though worthless be the offering,
How much of love is spoken !
We give no gems of priceless worth,
But bring you simple flowers,
To call to mind, in other days,
These sad, but festive hours.
Go press their fragrant, tinted leaves,
And when long years shall pass,
Look fondly on their faded charms,
And think about our *Class*.
And should a tear, unbidden, fall,
May prayers with tear-drops blend,
And rise, like hallowed incense, up
For each old cherished friend.

CLASSMATE FOURTH.

Where brightest rays of sunshine fall,
The darkest shadows lie ;
And so when joys most radiant seem,
Grief lurks the nearest by ;
Close to the old and rotten oak,
All shattered by the blast,

The green and tender ivy grows,
And clings with tendrils fast;
The brightest skies that span the earth
Are never cloudless seen,
And ripples stir the placid lake
E'en when the most serene;
And as, in nature, lights and shades
Are evermore combined,
So joys and sorrows, so averse,
Are 'round each other twined.
To-day they mingle, too, my friend,
Our joys how bright they glow,
And yet the thoughts of parting rise
To fill our hearts with woe.—
We part, but ere we say farewell
This floral offering take,
And prize it not for royal worth,
But genuine friendship's sake.

CLASSMATE FIFTH.

The old, whose feet have traveled on
Through many changing years,
Tell us this world, so beautiful,
Is but "*a vale of tears*;"
They say that all our visions, too,
Are but delusive dreams;
That nothing in this world of ours
Is really what it seems;
They tell us that a "*better land*"
Lies but a step beyond,
Where all may meet who've lived on earth,
In fellowship so fond.

Then let us learn from wiser age
Their lessons, dearly bought,
And let this land of happiness
In early life be sought.
Oh! let these flowers, Nature's gift,
Which now I beg you take,
Remind you of our Maker's love,
And gratitude awake;
Remember that the same kind hand
That gave the flowrets gay,
Presents us with a *priceless* "Pearl;"
Oh, cast it not away.

CLASSMATE SIXTH.

Hand in hand, my dear old friend,
We've climed the hill of science,
And gazing on its sunlit top,
We've bid the crags defiance;
We've plodded on with weary feet,
And oft'times aching brain,
And sometimes thought our constant toil
Was labor spent in vain;
But now, at last, its summit reached,
We take a view of life,
Where broad before us stretches out
A field of constant strife;
We've taken only one short step
Upon life's rugged way,
For loftier hills of science rise
Like mountains, rough and gray,
And higher up we'll ever climb,
And learn some lesson new,

Until we reach that "*valley*," dark,
Which all must travel through.—
While toiling on, my dear old friend,
We've sometimes found bright flowers
That grew beneath some modest turf,
Or peeped from verdant bowers;
Then in remembrance of the good
That cheered us on the way,
I beg you take and cherish long,
This beautiful bouquet.

CLASSMATE SEVENTH.

To-day we doff the school-girl,
And young lady-hood we don;
Its dignified demeanor,
And its graces we put on;
We are out "*upon the carpet*,"
We are making our "*debut*;"
As some would say, in other words,
We have "*finished*," we are "*through*."
And now the world of fashion,
With its arms extended wide,
Would welcome us to banquet halls,
Where dazzling charms abide;
The music and the dance would lure
Our thoughtless feet away
To mingle in the giddy throng,
Where all is bright and gay;
A thousand pleasures, painted up,
To hide their frowning faces,
In fair disguise, would hold us fast
Within their soft embraces;

Then let us evermore beware
Lest Siren songs beguile,
For "*all's not gold that glitters*" bright,
And Falsehood too can smile.
Then take these roses, lovely friend,
And learn a lesson too;
Remember that their velvet leaves,
So gorgeous in their hue,
Conceal, beneath, the ugly thorn
To lacerate the hand,
While glist'ning with the crystal dew
Their scented leaves expand.

CLASSMATE EIGHTH (*a gentleman.*)

My timid Muse must change her song,
And tune her golden lyre,
To loftier notes of minstrelsy
Her efforts must aspire;
Her snowy hand, with trembling touch,
Would strike each painted chord,
While notes of sweetest melody
Are sounded for a "*lord*;"
For such they say the "*sterner sex*"
Were made when first created,
And still with that old idea
Their bosoms are inflated.
Then is it strange, respected Sir,
My task should so perplex,
And that I shrink, instinctively,
From speaking to *your* sex?
For "*weaker vessels*," we are termed,
And women, although fair,

Must cautiously address the men,
 "Be *watchful* and *beware*."
Perhaps a kind exception
 We may deem *you* to the rule,
Since mingling here together
 In the same loved, honored school;
Then think me not presumptive
 When I venture to advise,
And beg you to be virtuous,
 Aspiring, and wise.—
I point you to Religion
 As the only stay in life,
And beg you take its armor
 To protect you in its strife;
For its battles will be desperate;
 Oh, may you fight them well,
And prove a soldier brave and true,
 A faithful sentinel;
And as the "*brave*" must win the "*fair*,"
 May some sweet maiden smile,
And own you as her favorite one,
 More valued all the while;
With loving hand, Oh, may she strew
 Your winding path with flowers
As sweet as these, I beg you take,
 Just culled from dewy bowers.

TO THE TEACHERS.

Dear Teachers, ere we say farewell,
 We'd bring you flowers too,
But not these frail and fading ones,
 Though gorgeous in their hue;

“*Heart blossoms*,” nurtured into life
Beneath your tender care,
We’d bring in chaplets for each brow,
And lay our offering there;
For in our young and loving hearts
Affection’s buds will bloom,
When you, perchance, who planted them,
Are mouldering in the tomb;
We’ll ne’er forget your loving words,
And counsel kindly given,
As prayerfully you’ve led us on,
And pointed us to Heaven.—
Farewell, I bid you in behalf
Of these, my classmates, dear.—
How sad to think we’ll meet no more
In sweet communion here.—
Dear Teachers, may we meet above,
Where all is bright and true;
Till then we bid you each, with love,
A long and sad *adieu*!

TO THE YOUNG GENTLEMEN OF THE INSTITUTION.

Young gentlemen, before we part,
We’d say a word to you,
And while we sever other ties,
Would bid you each adieu.—
A “*fellow feeling*,” it is said,
Doth make us “wondrous kind,”
So friendship’s chain hath bound our hearts,
While toils and hopes combined;
For long we have together met
Beneath one common roof;

We've had the same kind teachers,
And received their mild reproof;
Our aims and hopes have been the same .
In this, our college life;
But now we part for other scenes,
And other fields of strife.
My classmates join me, one and all,
In wishes kind and true;
We part, perchance, to meet no more,
Young gentlemen, *adieu!*

Now Teachers, Trustees, patient Friends,
And Students of the College,
Before we leave these festive scenes,
And quit these haunts of knowledge,
Where Peace and Virtue ever dwell,
We bid you all, *farewell! farewell!*

LOVE TO PITY TURNED.

WE look upon the palace
As it rises to the sky,
We feast upon its grandeur
As it meets the admiring eye;

But when it lies in ruins,
Though we gaze upon it yet,
'Tis not in admiration,
But with sadness and regret;

And thus, when vice hath blighted
Every beauty of the heart,
Its victim we may pity,
But affection must depart;

We cannot love where virtue
Has withdrawn its heavenly light,
We can but weep in bitterness
Upon eternal blight.

Ah, yes! 'tis true that pity
May usurp the place of love,
As from the heart it flees away,
Like Noah's restless dove:

The ashes may alone remain
Where once the fagot burned;
Thus love may be consumed to dross,
And into pity turned.—

Alas! there is no sadder thing,
Too well my heart hath learned,
Than blasted joys, than blighted hopes,
Than *love to pity turned*.

NO LETTER YET!

Lines addressed to a negligent friend.

NO letter yet! O horrid news!
Enough to give a saint the blues,
To think that every coming mail
Has brought the same distressing tale;

No letter yet! you said you'd write,
But now I'm out of "mind" and "sight,"
For all these weeks you've sent no line
To cheer this anxious heart of mine;

No letter yet! my hopes each day
Are quickly banished by dismay,
And Oh, my heart, it flutters so
Whene'er the postman tells me *no*,

No letter yet! Oh, pray relent,
And of your negligence repent;
Oh, do in future serve me better,
And cheer me quickly with a letter.

FADED FLOWERS.

The following lines were suggested by a small bunch of flowers from my girlhood's happy home, which were sent to me, in a letter, by my old friend, and bridesmaid, Mrs. Sanders, of Georgia.

BRIGHT and lovely were these flowers
 When you culled them from the stem,
 And though now they've drooped and withered,
 Still, I prize and value them,

For, to me, they are not simply
 What they *seem*, but faded flowers,
 Ah, they bring me, with their sweetness,
 Visions of the by-gone hours;

Yes, we've spent some happy moments
 Where these lovely flowers grew,
 But alas! those joys have faded
 Like these garlands in their hue;

Yet, I'll press these lovely flowers,
 Though their beauties may depart,
 For they're like those by-gone hours,
 Sweet and precious to my heart.

Once, like them, our joys were brighter,
 But their memory cannot die,
 Like these sweet, but faded flowers,
 In my *heart* they'll gently lie,

And forever *there* shall mingle
Faded hopes with faded flowers,
Sweet mementoes, lovely tokens,
Relics of departed hours.

LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

FLOWERS fair on every page,
In loveliness I find them,
Then let my simple offering be
The golden cord to bind them;
Of Friendship's bright and shining chain;
Oh, may it prove a token
To bind our hearts in constant love;
Oh, let it not be broken.

AN APOSTROPHE TO LOVE.

MYSTERIOUS Love! O wondrous power:
Thou canst not be defined,
The victims of thy magic spell
Are powerless and "*blind*;"
Fain would they flee captivity,
And break thy golden chain,
But bound and fettered once by thee,
Resistance is in vain.

Mysterious Love! O wondrous power!
Usurper of the heart,
The *head* may oft dispute thy sway
And bid thee to depart,
But ever, in defiance,
Hast though mocked the human will,
Unyielding to the mightiest powers,
Thou art a *tyrant* still.

I OUGHT NOT TO LOVE HER:

IOUGHT not to love her!
'Tis foolish I know,
And ever my reason
Is telling me so;
I've tried to forget,
But alas! I've no will,
Despite of my efforts,
I worship her still.

LINES,

Addressed to my sister Ophelia, who desired a Tribute from my pen.

WERE gems of thought but gems indeed,
Oh, how I'd sound this brain of mine,
I'd seek to bring thee jewels rare,
A priceless crown should soon be thine;

No brighter gems have ever gleamed
Upon Victoria's queenly brow
Than I would bring, my sister dear,
And gladly offer to thee now. —

Alas! I've naught but loving words,
With prayers, and wishes kind, to bring; —
The garnered riches of my heart
May seem to thee a trifling thing;

And yet, the brightest gems that shine,
With transient things shall pass away,
While *love*, the jewel of the heart,
Shall glitter over time's decay.

The only relic of the earth,
When we have passed to realms above,
When diadems have come to naught,
Will be this same, *unchanging* love.

PLEASING RECOLLECTIONS OF "THE
LITTLE PINE CUPBOARD."

During my early childhood, my father resided in the beautiful and retired village of Oxford, Ga., the site of Emory College. Our home was very near that of the distinguished author of "A Cluster of Poems for the Heart and Home," Rev. A. Means, D.D., L.L.D., and I was frequently the playmate of his daughters. Whilst reading his beautiful "rustic verses," entitled: "The Little Pine Cupboard," the following thoughts were awakened:

THAT "little pine cupboard," O wondrous to tell!
Its image returns—I remember it well,
And many a vision of dainties and cake
Does the song of its time-honored hist'ry awake;
How oft have I shared of its bounteous supplies,
Its crackers, its jellies, its pickles, and pies,
And blessed the good housewife, whose provident care
Had stored away "gooddies" in quantities there.

How well I remember those happy young days,
Our freedom from trouble, our romps, and our plays;
Our little tea-parties, with china so fine,
The table supplied from the "*cupboard*" of "*pine*;"
The lunch taken from it, and carried to school,
So quickly devoured in spite of the rule.—
Sweet memories dear, how I treasure them all
Of "*the little pine cupboard that stood by the wall!*"

“A VALE OF TEARS.”

IN the morning of life
When the starlight of Hope
Dispenses its radiance bright,
When the blood's crimson tide
Paints its red on the cheek,
And the footstep is rapid and light,

We laugh when they tell us
That sorrows must come,
And, bidding a truce to our fears,
Think it strange that a world
Full of beauty like this
Should be known as a valley of tears;

But when health yields her sway
To affliction and pain,
And the rays from Hope's star glimmer pale;
When cloud after cloud
Has o'ershadow'd our way,
And the ear caught the sufferer's wail;

When time bears us on
Through the scenes of despair,
And heaps up the burden of years,
We think 'tis too true
That the world, once so fair,
Is, at best, but a valley of tears.

"TOO OLD."

Addressed to my mother, who remarked that she was "too old to inspire poetry."

TOO old! ah no, although 'tis true
 Thy locks are turning gray,
 The beauties of the heart and mind
 Are proof against decay;

The bloom upon thy cheek may fade,
 And dull may grow thine eye,
 But Oh! there are diviner charms,
 Whose beauties cannot die.

The diamond's lustre ne'er is dimm'd,
 It loseth not its light,
 And thus, whilst other charms decay,
 Thy *virtues* still are bright;

Nor does the test of fire or time
 Destroy the purest gold;
 Then tell me not *thy* charms decay
 As thou art growing old!

A HEART HISTORY.

AS lovely and fair as the lily
 That floats on the beautiful stream ;
 As bright as that radiant vision
 That came to me once in a dream.—
 He saw her and worshipped her beauty ;
 She gazed in his dark, gentle eye,
 And thought the pure love that she bore him
 Was "*fixed*" as the stars in the sky.—

* * * * *

Sweet sixteen, with all of its fancies,
 Has gone like a mist from the green ;
 Her beauty and charms have not faded,
 Though now she is more like a queen.—
 He came, a gay, passionate lover,
 Her heart yielded quick to his sway.—
 But all of those bright, glowing visions
 Have flitted like sunbeams away.—

* * * * *

Still lovely in heart and in person,
 Though older and sadder she's grown ;
 Yes, Time hath bequeathed her new virtues,
 Extracted from sorrows alone.—
 He came, with his tender entreaties,
 In manhood's full vigor and pride,
 Again she was charmed by *another*,
 He won her, and claimed her his bride.—

Oh! no she's not *false*, or inconstant,
'Tis only her nature to love;
Some object must claim her affections;
'Tis so with the angels above.—
The heart of a woman, like ivy,
Tenacious and clinging must prove:
It bleeds when the tendrils are severed,
Nor beats when it ceases to love.

A COUNTRY DRIVE.

Dedicated to my friend, Mrs. H. Magne, of Baltimore, Md., June 13th, 1879.

AWAY! from the city, its dust and its heat,
From the din, and the noise of the rumbling street
Where thousands are wearily toiling for gain,
Where many a bosom is aching with pain.

Away! to the country, so beauteous and fair,
To take in the pure and the sweet-scented air,
To look o'er the meadows enameled with green,
And feast on the charms of the varying scene.

Long, long will that pleasure in memory survive,
Long, long will I think of that *afternoon drive*.
Of the bright, happy moments, the blue, smiling sky,
The gay panorama unrolled to the eye,

The visions of Paradise brought to my view,
As I dreamed of that region so charming and true,
Where, methinks, the fair picture engraved on my mind,
Still bright and unchanged, shall its *counterpart* find.

TO MY SIX BOYS.

FRANK and Jimmie, Charlie and George,
Dyer, and Cary too,
A mother's love would now indite
These simple lines to you:

Be honest, truthful, pious, brave,
And ever shield the right,
Remember that true greatness lies
In *virtue*, not in *might*;

That *moral courage* makes you *brave*,
With power to do or die,
Brute force is not true bravery,
Though oft 'tis lauded high.

The wine-cup, with its poisonous draft,
Oh, may you ever shun;
Avoid the gambler's fearful doom,
And gain unfairly won;

Let aspirations high and pure,
Inspire each thought and deed;
Let naught that's low, or base, or vile,
Your onward course impede;

Remember thy Creator too,
Now in the days of youth,

And take the Bible as your guide
Into the ways of truth.

A mother's prayers shall guard you each,
Whilst life on earth is given,
And Faith inspires the cheering hope
Of meeting you in Heaven.

"NOT IN THE DARK, COLD GRAVE."

In Memory of William T. Smithson, Esq., * who, dying in the sweet assurance of a blissful immortality, begged his family not to think of him as being in the "dark, cold grave, but as a bright, happy spirit in Heaven."

O GRAVE! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy sting?

No terror to the Christian's heart,
No anguish canst thou bring;

Thou canst not bind the immortal soul
Within thy narrow range,
In glorious triumph does it rise
Above thy mystic change.

"Not in the dark, cold grave"—Oh, no!
Our loved one is not there
Beneath the damp and mould'ring sod,
In silence and despair;

For Christ arose, He conquered Death,
Reversed our fearful doom,
And robbed the cold, unfriendly grave
Of all its dismal gloom.

"Not in the dark, cold grave"—Oh, no!
In Heaven our loved one dwells,
And with unspeakable delight
His raptured bosom swells;

“Not in the dark, cold grave”—O, no!
From earth we’ll turn our gaze,
And think of him as lost in love
And everlasting praise.

“In the midst of life we are in death.” Only a few days ago a letter was received from my father’s intimate and cherished friend expressing his gratification at the prospect of my forthcoming Book But he has passed away without perusing its pages. This simple, but sincere Tribute to his memory reached the Publisher too late to appear in its appropriate place among the Memorial Poems.





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